

POEMS  
OF  
A. MACGREGOR ROSE  
(GORDON).

COLLECTED AND EDITED, WITH A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

ROBERT DEY, M.A.

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL,  
G.C.M.G.,

IN ADMIRATION OF HIS  
MANY NOBLE QUALITIES OF HEAD AND HEART  
AND IN  
ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF THE PATRONAGE HE HAS ALWAYS  
SHOWN TO THE  
DESERVING MERIT OF HIS NATIVE COUNTRYMEN,  
ON BOTH SIDES OF THE ATLANTIC,  
THIS WORK IS, BY PERMISSION, RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.



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## P R E F A C E .

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WHEN that clever production "Hoch-der-Kaiser" had gone the round of the newspapers of this country and of America a few years ago, there seemed to be a general desire to know something of the Author. In the absence of facts, as is usual in such cases, fiction was freely circulated; for the most part very wide of truth. As knowing the Author and his family more or less intimately from early years, we have endeavoured to lay before the public a succinct account of his life. In doing so we have adhered to hard facts, such as can be verified by many still living. As to motives of action and course of conduct it has been considered better that the reader should draw his own conclusions. Even if we had expressed our opinions freely on points concerning which we were certainly entitled to judge from intimate knowledge, yet the reader would not be slow to be of the "same opinion still."

At the time of the Author's death it was given out by the Press of this country that he had written nothing worthy of note, with one exception. This was due, in great measure, to the reticence which he showed as to his productions, for, although "The Laurier Ballads" and other clever pieces had excited a great amount of attention and comment in the Canadian Press, yet he himself—even writing under an assumed name—seemed to shrink from publicity, and to give no care whatever to preserve his scattered works.

It is therefore solely owing to the care of relatives and friends—mostly of his youth—that we were able to collect

### *Preface.*

and lay before the public the poems contained in this volume. Although these will be found somewhat unequal in merit, yet we are fain to believe that there are several gems that the world will not readily allow to perish.

It remains to acknowledge our gratitude to those who have aided us in our self-imposed task. Among others, we are indebted to the following: The late Mrs. Allan, Crieff, sister; Messrs. George Innes Rose, Manchester, and Donald Rose, Cardiff, brothers of the Poet; P. J. Anderson, Esq., M.A., LL.B., Aberdeen University; Rev. Charles Meldrum, M.A., Birsay, Orkney; Miss Grant, Fernbank, Advie; Messrs. Wm. Meldrum, J.P., Jas. Meldrum, jun., Jas. Taylor, J.P., and Mrs. Boyle, Tomintoul; Dr. A. Macgregor Rose, Aldershot; Messrs. Jas. Fleming, Fochabers; Wm. Gordon, St. Bridget; Jas. Smith, Salterhill, Elgin; John MacIntyre, Wishaw; Wm. Drysdale, Montreal; Basil A. R. Dey, Winnipeg; and Jas. Macpherson, Edinburgh. We beg also to express our great indebtedness to the Editors and Proprietors of the "Orkney Herald," "The Elgin Courant," "The Montreal Herald," "The Canadian Monthly," etc.

R. D.

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## ✦ LIFE. ✦

### INTRODUCTORY.

NEAR the southern extremity of Banffshire, far from the busy centres of industry, dust and grimy smoke, on the northern slope of one of the central Grampians, lies Tomantoul,\* secluded and silent. No shrill whistle of railway engine, no noise of steam-hammer, no hum of busy feet of men is heard. Only an occasional tramp, tramp of the passer-by, the subdued, occasional rattle of a farmer's cart along the village street, or the more unusual whirr of a faster vehicle drops its transient sound on the ear—it passes, and all is still again.

The daily prospect of Ben MacDhui, Cairngorm, Ben Main, Ben A'on and other giants, whose proud and hoary heads are tossed majestically into the blue sky of summer, or on whose shoulders more frequently rests the misty mantle of the fleecy clouds or the dark pall of the threatening storm, cannot fail to inspire, in the beholder, those romantic feelings so poetically alluded to by Byron in his "Lochnagar."

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\* Erroneously spelled Tomintoul.

No wonder that the Ettrick Shepherd makes Glenavlin the abode of the "Spirit of the Storm," for one feels, in a striking manner, that one is face to face with nature in all its grandeur and solitude, and the man in whose mind there are not roused feelings that lift him above the sordid cares and worries of life is surely an object of sincerest pity. You have only to go outside the village in the milder months, when your ear is pleasantly assailed by the "wallopy-weep" of the lapwing, the shrill piping of the plover, or the more lonely wailing note of the curlew; or, it may be, the sighing of the summer winds through the birken boughs of Balnakyle or Eilan-no, the lark's lullaby over the waving grass, or the drowsy droning of the bumble-bee on the flowery braes.

In winter it is both fascinating and oppressive. When the nights are calm, you listen to the sighing, almost singing, of the river Avon, on the one hand, or of the Conglas brook on the other, carried in rising and falling cadences on the frosty air as if proclaiming peace to troubled mankind. But when the "Spirit of the Storm" is roused, he seems to drive the hurricane with an angry souch through the cliffs of the rocky craigs and the gullies of the glens. Winter snows are usually a stern reality. Raised, as the village is, over a thousand feet above the level of the ocean, and surrounded by so many lofty peaks, the condensing vapours that, in summer,

descend in copious and refreshing showers, in winter form accumulations of icy particles that fill the valleys and heights with "snow-wreaths," usually several feet in depth. Then the village and the surrounding country, clothed in pure virgin whiteness, such as the townsman can with difficulty picture to himself, present a spectacle of awful solitude and grandeur, inspiring the most solemn, even sublime thoughts of nature's sternest meaning, and the mind is, involuntarily, lifted through the stormy cloudland to nature's God.

Scenery such as we have shortly described, within daily reach, might well inspire poetic feelings in the natives, according to their mood. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that many of the leisure hours of the youths and maidens of the glens are given up early to the study of the Masters of Poetry, and that their knowledge of their works is deep and profound, at an age when many of the town's children do not know the poets, even by name.

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## CHAPTER I.

THE village of Tomantoul in the forties of the nineteenth century had a somewhat different appearance from the Tomantoul of the twentieth. It has now some fame as a tourist resort, and lies within easy reach of two railway stations. It has also two fine



hotels and several smart-looking and commodious houses; but in the forties it could boast of very few houses of more than one storey high. There were two or three hotels, it is true, but they partook rather of the wayside inn of modest accommodation, and, as the name of the village appeared on few maps and was entirely ignored by the guide-books, travellers and tourists were rarely seen.

Notwithstanding the comparative isolation of the village, the inhabitants were fairly prosperous and contented. Surrounded by farms of modest dimensions, the villagers that were not engaged in trade or employed in the neighbouring distillery of Cruichley or of Delnabo readily obtained work on the farms. Although wages were not high, farm produce was cheap and good, and generally sufficed for the simpler needs of the inhabitants. At frequent intervals the pedestrian post-runner brought communication with the outside world in the shape of letters and newspapers, so that the natives, ever intellectually alert, allowed few of the great European events to escape their notice and criticism.

Such was the condition of the district when, on the 17th August, 1846, Alexander Macgregor Rose was born in the Drover's Lane, the principal entrance to the village from the Glenlivat side. His parents were George Rose and <sup>Annie</sup> Margaret Innes. His father, not over-blessed with his share of this world's goods, had, eventually, quite enough to do to provide for

the daily needs of a numerous family. The mother was of rather delicate constitution, but her intellect was strong, keen, and alert.

Alexander, the eldest of a family of four sons and three daughters, being about two years of age, on the birth of the second son, George, was taken to the home of his maternal grandfather, Alexander Macgregor (the Grigorach), who lived in the village in comfortable circumstances. After a short time his parents proposed that he should return home, but the child had so gained on the affections of the old man that it was found well-nigh impossible to separate them. An understanding was, therefore, come to that Mr. Macgregor (who was, however, only step-grandfather, and otherwise childless) should adopt the boy and bring him up as his own son. This was done, and, in a certain measure, the history of Edgar Allan Poe repeated itself.

Young Alexander was sent very early to the village school, taught successively by James Maclean and, for short intervals, by G. Ironside, James Stuart, and George Innes. These were all efficient teachers, especially of English and classical subjects.

About that time a schoolmaster was supposed to be capable of teaching two hundred or more pupils, from the alphabet to the finish, without any assistance whatever. Those gentlemen performed the feat in a generally satisfactory manner, and had plenty of leisure time to devote to their garden, and also

to gossip with the good folk of the village. The Inspectorate was an institution of the future. The Master's best time was not taken up with the vain attempt to make scholars of dunces, but the clever pupil was attended to, helped in his difficulties, and ultimately brought credit to himself, to his instructor, and to his native place. In this way scholars were produced who raised the educational rank of Scotland among the foremost in Europe.

Early in the fifties, Mr. James Grant, M.A., a man of sound scholarship, an enthusiastic teacher, and one who had the faculty of inspiring his pupils with a love for study, was appointed Schoolmaster of Tomantoul. For his eminence as a teacher his Alma Mater conferred on him the degree of LL.D. For over twenty years he continued to send a stream of students to Aberdeen and to other Scottish Universities. Many of his pupils gained distinguished places in their classes, and afterwards occupied and still occupy honourable and even eminent positions in life. Macgregor Rose had, therefore, early opportunity of fostering that love for literature which soon distinguished him. He especially showed singular aptitude for acquiring languages. In remote districts study of modern languages was scarcely thought of, but ample opportunity was afforded for studying the dead languages—Latin and Greek—in both of which young Rose became very proficient. He had always an aversion to mathematics, and to that subject he

failed to devote the study necessary to complete his University degrees.

Meanwhile he acquired a love of general literature and readily devoured every book within reach, especially those of history and poetry, and in this way laid up a great store of general information and poetic sentiment, as well as an extensive vocabulary, which stood him in good stead in his future career. About this time, in the early fifties, another embryo journalist—about two years his senior—James Macdonell, of the *Times*, was accustomed to visit his grandfather, John Macdonell, innkeeper of the old Richmond Arms, the largest hotel of the village; but we have no evidence that they ever met.

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## CHAPTER II.

THE young Grigorach (shortly, Greeg), as Rose was familiarly called, soon became a local celebrity. He early developed certain well-marked traits. Some of these were his love of reading, as we have already mentioned, his great fondness for dogs, his love of sport, his quickness in repartee, and his great ability in composing smart rhyming couplets. These latter generally hit off the foibles and failings of his fellow-villagers, old and young. This cleverness gained for him local fame, but did not bring him many

friends, for wits seldom conciliate those on whom they practise their witticisms. It was his excellence in these faculties that brought him, during the last years of his life, American and even European fame in the "Laurier Ballads," and in "Hoch-der-Kaiser," etc.

His love of dogs and his wonderful aptitude in training them were also very marked features, which he cultivated all through his college days, and onwards to the end of his life; and many were the stories of the surprising feats performed by these pets.

Early in his boyhood the beauties of the scenery around attracted his notice and wooed him from his home. Fishing-rod in hand, and basket filled with provisions slung over his back, he would set out on a fishing expedition to some of the mountain streams in Glenavin. Some favourite volume was also stowed away in the basket, to be perused in the evenings, or to be exchanged for another, on reaching the bothy of Willie Macgregor, a kindred spirit and gamekeeper at Faebuie, near the foot of Cairngorm. Thence he would cross to Loch Avin lying amid wild and grand scenery. The Ettrick Shepherd thus describes it:—

There Avin spreads her ample deep,  
To mirror cliffs that brush the wain,  
Whose frigid eyes eternal weep,  
In summer sun and autumn rain.

The "Shelter Stone" at Loch A'in was a frequent rendezvous, and under its friendly roof, sometimes with a friend, but oftener without, he spent many a night in summer, fishing in the loch or in some neighbouring stream, and subsisting on the "scaly trophies," cooked over a fire of dried brushwood. Thus he would revel in nature's wildest scenery for a week or two at a time, and would not return to the village until provisions failed him. Frequently shorter expeditions were made to the streams near the village, usually accompanied by a favourite companion, such as Glen, mentioned in his poem "Strathdown."

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### CHAPTER III.

MEANWHILE, he was making rapid progress in his studies at the village school, stimulated, doubtless, by the successes of so many schoolfellows at the bursary competition from year to year. At length, when he was 16 years of age, being considered too young to enter college, he spent a winter teaching a small school in Inveravon. In the autumn of 1862 he attended, for a short time, the Grammar School of Aberdeen, and tried the competition, but through some accident, it is believed, he failed to secure a bursary. Returning to Aberdeen in 1863, he gained the Macpherson bursary of £20, tenable for four

years, and in the same year he entered the University. He finished his Arts course in the spring of 1867, without having distinguished himself in his classes in any special manner.

The summers he spent at home, enjoying to the full his favourite pastime of angling, varied occasionally by a day's sport with the gun, which also continued to be a favourite companion during the remainder of his life.

When he began to write verses first we are unable definitely to state. He must have begun early, but it is certain that the best of his early verses were written about the years 1867-69, after he had left the University. There is no doubt that he was influenced by the writings of two natives of the parish, William Grant Stewart and Donald Shaw (Glenmore), as well as by the companionship of Captain Rowland Hill Gordon, a Crimean hero and son of General William Gordon of Lochdhu—also natives of the vale of Avon. From his early verses, we see how dearly he loved every glen and corrie, every mountain and stream of his native Strathdown.

During his University curriculum he became known as a ready versifier. His clever parodies of "Duncan Gray" and of other well-known songs were great favourites among the students, and, treating as they did of subjects popular at the time, were frequently sung at convivial meetings. Like several men of poetical genius, he loved the flow of wit and the

social bowl. Like them, also, he had a very hazy idea of the value of money, taking no thought for the morrow, spending freely, as if from a bottomless purse, and it was generally believed that the old man, whose invariable indulgence was proverbial, had to make occasional journeys to Aberdeen to put matters straight.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

HAVING completed his Arts course at the University in the spring of 1867, without any definite aim in view, he spent the following three years as Classical Master at Boarding Schools in different parts of England. This work, we may well imagine, was not very congenial to his mind, so that, in the summer vacations—which he spent wandering among the mountains and angling in the mountain streams—no wonder that he burst out in song, and produced some of the best of his early poems. He knew most of the wild flowers and wild birds of his native Strath, and his love of nature was fostered by the study of his favourite poet, Wordsworth, many of whose works he knew by heart.

In the winter of 1870 Rose was appointed Master of the Free Church School of Gairloch, Ross-shire. Here he was very successful, and gave great satisfaction as a teacher. As in earlier years, he continued to indulge in outdoor sports. Rowing in the



loch was a favourite amusement. He introduced the game of cricket, hitherto unknown in that region. He also joined the local Volunteers, and was very soon a non-commissioned officer, and the crack shot of the corps.

In 1871 he resolved to study Divinity, and entered at Aberdeen for that purpose, the duties in the school during the winter being performed by a substitute. A very characteristic story of him at that time was current. Before entering on the study of Divinity it is customary in the North of Scotland to become a communicant, or, in other words, a member of the Church. As a rule, none but tried veterans dared to come forward to the "Table." So when Rose's intention became known there were many misgivings and head-shakings. The Communion Tables, covered with a white cloth as usual, were laid out in the open air. Two tables ran parallel for a considerable distance, with seats on both sides. The Communicants entered from one side, filed round the nearer end, and then down the middle seats. Rose, however, not seeing the use of such formality, unceremoniously vaulted over the table into his seat, to the great scandal and still graver head-shaking of the fathers of the congregation.

On entering the Divinity Hall of the Free Church, Aberdeen, in the winter of 1871, he gained a bursary of £15, tenable for four years. He was very suc-

cessful in his studies here, and, as he afterwards stated, he looked back on his Divinity course as the happiest time of his life. Among his fellow-students were Peter J. Anderson, Esq., LL.B., Librarian, Aberdeen University, Dr. Robertson Nicol, and others who have become well-known in the literary world. It was during his Divinity course that the famous "Monokeras" incident occurred, in which he was a participator, and of which he gave a short account in the *Montreal Gazette*, 30th May, 1896. It was a mere frolic of five students during the Christmas holidays of the Session 1872-3. Although the damage was unintentional, it bore the resemblance of being a deliberate piece of vandalism, and was regarded as such by the Press at the time. During the last few weeks of his life he was very anxious to write a "full and true account of the 'Rape of the Horn,'" but this purpose was never fulfilled.

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## CHAPTER V.

IN the spring of 1875, having duly received license, he eagerly embarked on what he considered his life-work, and soon proved himself a preacher of singular power. Proceeding northward, he preached in the vacant pulpit of Nairn Free Church, and soon after in the Free Church of Evie and Rendall, Orkney, where he was almost immediately accepted as

Minister. The call to Nairn came soon after his acceptance of Evie, and had, therefore, to be declined.

On the 9th September, 1875, he was ordained to his charge, and very soon afterwards he married an Aberdeen lady. There were two sons of this marriage, both of whom have taken honourable positions in life. We may give an account of Rose's life in the Orkneys, in the words of a clerical friend, who knew him intimately: "Rose threw himself into his work with characteristic energy, and his zeal was soon rewarded by an enlarged membership, and increased givings. The Free Church congregation of Evie soon grew proud of their Minister, for they felt that they had the most popular Minister in Orkney. There could be no doubt about his preaching abilities. He was eloquent and animated in the pulpit in the extreme; not tied down to paper, but often preaching even without notes, and his matter was not, what is often the case with men gifted with fluency, words and nothing more. It was something worth listening to. One old woman, coming out of Church one day when a stranger had been preaching, remarked that to her the pulpit was empty when Rose did not preach. If he was popular in the pulpit, his reputation was even higher at social meetings. He had a greater collection of amusing stories than most men, and, being able to tell them with effect, he was much sought after for these

functions. He interested himself deeply in everything connected with the parish. For the first year or so there was a Free Church School under his care, and he was ready, on occasion, to take a hand at teaching. A select company of lads used to gather at the Manse in the evenings to receive instruction. These lads are now scattered and in different lines of life, but I am sure they all cherish the memory of those days, and have still a warm place in their hearts for their old teacher. Being a bit of a doctor, he was never better pleased than when called on to give medical advice, and he gave with a lavish hand to the poor and needy. But though always active in the interests of his people, he did not neglect the lighter side of life. His great hobby was sport, and fishing and shooting were his favourite recreations. His people were not a bit scandalised to see their Minister making for the hills with his gun over his shoulder and Norah by his side. Norah was a wise dog and a great favourite. He had her trained in many things besides hunting. When he had visitors she took great delight in showing her sagacity. He used to put a piece of bread on her nose, and say, 'It is Auld Kirk.' Norah refused to touch anything unclean. She was equally sullen at the name of U.P., but as soon as she heard the words 'Free Kirk,' she tossed the bread in the air and caught it in her mouth. Poor Norah was left behind and found a last resting-place in the Atlantic.

"It was at home that Rose appeared at his best. He was fond of company, and consequently not many evenings passed without visitors. His bright disposition and exceptional conversational powers made him a very entertaining host, and visitors felt that the evenings at the Manse were something to be remembered. Those who had the best means of knowing always believed that the home life was happy in every respect. He was proud of his children and devoted to his wife."

As we have already stated, he had never had a just estimate of the value of money, or of the extent to which it could be safely expended. The reader will not, therefore, be surprised to learn that money difficulties gradually closed around him. Relying on certain monies that he expected, he spent without due consideration. Bankruptcy stared him in the face. His impulsive nature left him only one course—to flee from his native country for ever. "The pastoral tie was severed on 10th June, 1879, but Rose has never been forgotten. During these twenty-five years a new generation has arisen, but with those who are now feeling the burden of years his memory is still green, and his old congregation will be glad to know that they were not forgotten; that during the vicissitudes of his after career, from his own confession, his heart was with them and he longed to see them again."

## CHAPTER VI.

## LIFE IN AMERICA.

HE now demitted his charge, vowed he would never enter a pulpit, and, without delay, proceeded to Glasgow, where he took ship, bound for the New World, whence he was destined never to return to "dear old Scotland." With heavy heart, and gloomy prospects for the future, he landed in New York.

Disgusted with the change in his circumstances, and wishing, as far as possible, to forget the past, and that he should be forgotten, he added the name of Gordon to his own patronymic, so that, during his future career, he was known by the name of A. Macgregor Rose Gordon. Writing to a friend on 17th June, 1887, from San Francisco, with reference to this, he says: "I made a slight change in my name when I took to journalism and gave up the ministry. I was ashamed of the change at the time (change of profession I mean), and I could not bear that my name should appear in it. I was in the depths besides, and hoped that nobody would ever hear from or of me again. I feel very different now, but the thing is done and cannot be undone." For years nothing was known of him in this country, and he was generally believed to be dead. We shall never know of the privations that he endured, what

his journeyings were, his ups and downs, his successes, his sorrows and disappointments. For twenty years he wandered over the greater part of America, seldom staying for long in one locality. A Nemesis of unrest seemed to possess him, a desire to forget the past, to bury in oblivion the longings for a sight of his native Scotland, of his family, of the friends of his youth, and of his dearly beloved Strathdown.

Probably his first successes came when he had crossed the continent to California. There he was, for eleven years, employed on the staff of one or other of the periodicals of the day. We cannot do better than give, in his own words, in a letter to a friend, a summary of his American career up to the year 1887. He says: "I have had a wonderful experience, or rather, series of experiences, since I landed in America. I have, as you see, crossed the continent—not a jump, but step by step, as it were. At one time editing a paper, at another out on the prairie for four months, four hundred miles from the nearest house, and right at the base of the Rocky Mountains, which I afterwards crossed in a Pullman car. For a couple of weeks I looked up the Mormons in Salt Lake City. For a couple of years I edited three papers (Dailies) in Washington Territory; for eight months I was a reporter in Victoria, Vancouver Island. I penetrated to the head waters of the Fraser River. I have now been nearly four years in San Francisco, sporting editor of the two leading dailies

here—a considerable change, you will admit, from the quiet life in Evie.” We believe that the experiences of the following eleven years of his life were as wonderful as, if not more exciting than, the previous nine. He continued to reside in California State for seven years longer, a part of which time he acted as Telegraph Editor on the *Daily Bee*, San Diego. He was also on the staff of the *San Francisco Examiner*, the *San Francisco Sunday Chronicle*, and the *Daily Call*. In the *Canadian Magazine* for June, 1895, appeared an article, with five illustrations by Innes, on “Yuba-Dam Trout ; or, Notes on a fishing trip away up among the Sierras,” by A. M. R. Gordon. This was the result of a series of letters that had appeared in the *San Francisco Breeder and Sportsman* between the Field Editor of that paper, Harry Gribbs, and A. M. R. Gordon, the Sporting Editor, as to the respective merits of fishing for trout *up* or *down* stream. It ended in a challenge to put the matter to a practical test. Accordingly, a day was fixed, and a stream chosen among the Sierras, or Pacific Range of Mountains. He says in the article, which is splendidly written: “Aside altogether from the confidence I had in the undoubted superiority of the method of down-stream fishing, were we not bound for a stream away up among the everlasting hills ; and was it not on such streams and among such hills that I had learned to lure the trout from foaming, rapid, and swirling pools, far away



among the bens and glens of 'Bonnie Scotland'?" He graphically describes the journey up-hill, the difficulties of mule-riding—how he got sick on account of those difficulties, and from the exposure to cold, etc.—the beauties and grandeur of the mountains, which he considers a fitting abode for the Majesty of Heaven itself. Notwithstanding sickness and other disadvantages, he, single-handed, beat the Field Editor and a Stockbroker, who fished together, having nine fish to their three, although he had only fished half the time. In the July number of the same magazine he contributed a very amusing article on "Bernhardt and the Bear."

In the year 1892 Rose and two companions were encamped for some time at the foot of the Rockies in British Columbia. Some of the incidents of that time he afterwards embodied in a most interesting and instructive article, which appeared over his name in 1898 in the Canadian magazine *Home and Youth*. It was entitled "Where the Grey Wolf Haunts," and part of it takes the form of a "Sermon on Skates," delivered by an old trapper, Jim Grew, for the benefit of a budding divine of the name of Melville. The young man was fond of airing his crude theology, in season and out of season, and the old man showed him that fancy skating, like pulpit theological dissertation, would be of little use, when it were a matter of life and death, to escape either the grey wolf or the great enemy's clutches. During his connec-

tion with the Canadian Press he interviewed Hall Caine on the copyright question. This interview was so ably described that he received a very complimentary letter from the novelist. After the death of Professor Thomson, Aberdeen (Lang Davie), he wrote a short account of his life; also a short life of Archibald Forbes, war correspondent, and an able review of Lord Roberts' book on "India."

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## CHAPTER VII.

HE seems to have left California about the year 1891. What his peregrinations were during the next four years we are left to conjecture. In a letter dated 9th November, 1896, he says: "I simply could not remain in one place, and I have wandered nearly all over the North American Continent, from Quebec to Vancouver and from Mexico to Alaska." We find him during a part of the year 1895 at work in Toronto. Here he had a severe attack of typhoid fever. On his recovery, about the end of 1895 or early in 1896, he reached Montreal, having completed what proved to be his last journey, a tramp on foot from the Pacific Coast. Here he joined the staff of the *Gazette*, but in April of the same year an attack of the same fever threw him again out of

employment. He could have resumed his position on the *Gazette*, but his doing so, to use his own words, "would have thrown a man with wife and family out in the cold." He therefore took an offer made to him by the *Montreal Herald*. In a few months the *Herald* went into liquidation, and, consequently, Rose was again out of employment. Meanwhile, he, for fear of yellow fever, refused a tempting offer made to him to go to Jamaica. Late in the year he was laid low with inflammation of the lungs, and was nursed back to health in the Home of the St. Andrews Society. It appeared that his long residence in California, where he had spent eleven years, and where he had suffered from malarial fever, had rendered him unfit for the sudden changes of Eastern Canada.

Recovering, however, late in the spring of 1897, he was soon restored to his place on the *Herald*, which place he retained to the end. It was during this year that his brilliant "Laurier Ballads" were written. Strange to say, his best work appears to have been produced at intervals of a decade or so. His most finished early poems were written about 1867-69. Then his Orkadian best work was done in 1877-79. Some of his best Californian writing was accomplished in or about 1887; and, finally, his most brilliant work of all appeared in 1897-8, including his widely-known "Hoch der Kaiser."

In connection with the "Laurier Ballads," we may quote a postscript of his own, in a letter to Mr. P. J. Anderson, under date 27th November, 1897, as follows: "I may tell you that after the publication of the latest ballad in the *Witness*, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who is a very good fellow all round, wrote me a very pleasant letter, full of most complimentary expressions, and asked me to run up to Ottawa to see him. I did so, had an interview with him in his private room in the Government House, and dined with him and Lady Laurier. Afterwards he told me that when the *Witness* containing my verses reached Ottawa, Solicitor-General Fitzpatrick brought a copy to the meeting of the Privy Council that morning, and asked for a suspension of the rules while he read the verses aloud. 'The first time,' said Sir Wilfrid, 'so far as I know, that poetry was ever mixed up with affairs of State in the proceedings of Her Majesty's Canadian Privy Council.'"

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## CHAPTER VIII.

"Last scene of all that ends this strange eventful history."

ON the 20th day of March, 1898, Rose wrote from Montreal to his friend, Mr. Anderson, Aberdeen, a letter which proved to be his last. It was full of

hope and schemes for the future. Like all his previous letters, it contained very affectionate and anxious enquiries after his family, and at the close he signed "A. Macgregor Rose," with the note appended: "It does me good to sign the old name again."

About the end of April he was struck down with paralysis of the brain and conveyed to Notre Dame Hospital. Here he lingered till the 10th May, when he died without having recovered consciousness. Two kind friends, who had taken a fatherly interest in him—Mr. William Drysdale and Mr. Norman Murray—called regularly to make enquiries and to bring such comforts as might be useful for him during his illness. Mr. Norman Murray, a kind-hearted native of the Lewis, Scotland, wrote of his friend: "The whole of Scotland, north and south, owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. William Drysdale for the interest he always takes in the welfare of her wandering sons," and we are assured that this praise is well deserved. Mr. Drysdale, immediately on hearing of the death, repaired to the hospital and claimed the body. He succeeded after no little trouble, and, along with Mr. Murray and the Press representatives, had the remains of this erratic son of genius laid to rest in the lot of the St. Andrews Society in Mount Royal Cemetery. Here he sleeps the last long slumber, hushed to repose, as it were, by the

murmuring sound of the mighty St. Lawrence on its  
sweep to the boundless Atlantic.

"Far away from the hearths  
And the hearts that are dear,  
For ever and ever  
His dwelling is here.  
To Scotia's loved home scenes  
Of glen, cliff and moor,  
Tha phillidh e tulidh,  
He'll return no more.

From the land where the weary  
Repose without fear,  
And the weeping, no more  
Know a sigh or a tear,  
Where the patient forgets  
All the pains that he bore,  
Tha phillidh e tulidh,  
He'll return no more."

FINIS.

\* \* \*



**Early Poems.**





MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK: THIRTY  
YEARS AGO.

(1)

My book is out of date now,  
You'll find it rather slow,  
For the people in it lived, sir!  
Thirty years ago.

(2)

Thirty long, long years, and now  
Their faces all are strange;  
For faces change like hearts, you know,  
And time works many a change.

(3)

That one—well, that's myself—Yes!  
You'd never think it now;  
But then, you know, 'twas taken, sir!  
Thirty years ago.

(4)

And this, ah, dear! how pretty too,  
That little tinted face;  
It's faded like the rest though,  
And sadly out of place.

(5)

Dear! what a girl that was, sir!  
 Such eyes, and such a nose;  
 Married and went to India, then  
 She's dead now, I suppose.

(6)

This fellow, such a noodle too,  
 A helpless kind of spooney,  
 He emigrated on a chance  
 And made a mint of money.

(7)

These two!—a happy couple there,  
 A bridegroom and a bride—  
 It was the fashion then, you know,  
 To be taken side by side.

(8)

They had a little quarrel, sir!  
 Thirty years ago;  
 She was a little fast, they say,  
 And he a little slow.

(9)

Some say *he* was the cause of it,  
 That fellow all in grey;  
 It never was cleared up, you know,  
 But I heard she ran away.

(10)

And this, sir! is my beauty page --  
 There are a set of graces!  
 I never see such women now,  
 Such beautiful young faces.

(11)

That one, sir! with the curly hair,  
 She was a charming creature;  
 Such splendid eyes you never saw,  
 No fault in any feature.

(12)

And this one on the other side --  
 Dear! how the colours fade --  
 She, too, was then a beauty, sir!  
 She's living an "old maid."

(13)

And this one with the sunny hair,  
 And eyes divinely blue,  
 It is the dearest in the book,  
 The sweetest and most true.

(14)

She's vanished like the others now,  
 The way that all must go;  
 I would have given my life for her  
 Thirty years ago.

(15)

My book is out of date now,  
 You'll find it dull and strange;  
 For fashions fade like faces, sir!  
 And time works many a change.

\* \* \*

## BY-GONE DAYS.

(1)

By-gone days! who would recall them?  
 Who would wish them back again?  
 Who would buy the hours of pleasure  
 With the years of lingering pain?

(2)

Who would wish to re-awaken  
 Scenes, but bright to be o'ercast?  
 Who would drink of Marah's waters  
 From the chalice of the past?

(3)

Who again would seek to mingle  
 In the sordid, selfish strife,  
 Fighting for a paltry guerdon,  
 In the battlefield of life?

(4)

Who, to earn that poor distinction—  
 To be rich or great at last—  
 Would rehearse the sickening sorrows,  
 And the struggles of the past?

(5)

Who would seek, when near the haven,  
 To retrace his course again,  
 To re-face the storms and dangers  
 Of that wreck-encumbered main?

(6)

Truly, not the man whose battered  
 Vessel's hull and crippled mast  
 Tell of tempests barely weathered  
 In the restless, troubled past.

(7)

Not the fainting, failing soldier,  
 Who has mingled in the fray,  
 And has borne the heat and burden  
 Of the toilsome, weary day.

(8)

No! another brighter, better  
 Life than this is nearing fast;  
 Let the by-gone days be buried  
 In the graveyard of the past.

## A VALENTINE TO MARION.

(1)

Oh, fair the bloom of highland heath  
When Autumn's breezes blow,  
And pure, pure white the spotless sheen  
Of Scotia's mountain snow.

(2)

Fair too the bloom of sunripe peach  
That woos the summer rays,  
And stainless is the snowdrop's dew  
That gems the spring-clad braes.

(3)

But mountain heath and peach's bloom  
Seem far less fair to me  
Than Marion's bonny radiant blush  
Of maiden modesty.

(4)

Nor is the snow, that foot ne'er trod,  
Nor eye save eagle's scanned,  
Nor snowdrop's bud, the snowdrift's child,  
By taintless zephyr fanned,

(5)

More free from blemish, spot or stain,  
Though pure as pure can be,  
Than is my Marion's guileless mind  
Of matchless modesty.

(6)

May that fair form, that mind so pure,  
 Through this world's storm and strife,  
 Be mine to guard by one fond name,  
 The hallowed one of wife.

(7)

Then her true love, that priceless gem,  
 I'll keep till life depart,  
 Set in well-tried affection's gold  
 I'll wear it next my heart.

\* \* \*

## MOTHER'S LOVE.

The best, the kindest, dearest,  
 Of earth's convivial friends;  
 The oldest, the sincerest,  
 Are true mothers whom God lends.  
 And the longer they are lent us,  
 Oh! the better may we prove  
 That of all gifts Heaven hath lent us  
 None can equal mother's love.

\* \* \*



# THA PHILL SINN TULIDH.

(A DIRGE.)

(1)

From the distant beyond,  
 From the mistland of gloom,  
 From the mystic abodes  
 Whose approach is the tomb,  
 From that cloud-hidden ocean's  
 Mysterious shore,  
     Tha phill sinn tulidh,  
     We return no more.

(2)

From the land where the weary  
 Repose without fear,  
 And the weeping no more  
 Know a sigh or a tear,  
 Where the patient forgets  
 All the pains that he bore,  
     Tha phill sinn tulidh,  
     We return no more.

(3)

Where the outlaw no more  
 Hides in wind-beaten muir,  
 And storm-driven sailor  
 Finds a haven secure;  
 Where the brave find repose  
 When their battles are o'er,  
     Tha phill sinn tulidh,  
     We return no more.

(4)

Far away from the hearths  
 And the hearts that are dear,  
 For ever and ever  
 Our dwelling is here.  
 To Scotia's loved home scenes  
 Of glen, cliff, and moor,  
     Tha phill sinn tulidh,  
 We return no more.

\* \* \*

## TRUE NOBILITY.

I ask not for your lineage,  
 I ask not for your name ;  
 If manliness be in your heart,  
 Ye noble birth may claim.

I ask not from what lands ye came,  
 Nor where your youth was nursed ;  
 If pure the spring, it matters not  
 The place from whence it burst.

. . . . .

\* \* \*

## ROB ROY'S DEATHBED.

"Last scene of all  
That ends this strange eventful history."  
—*Shakespeare.*

Hast thou e'er the lordly pine  
In the mountain-forest seen  
Raise aloft his sombre arms  
O'er the neighbouring groves of green?  
Hast thou marked, when winter's storms  
Shook and bent and broke the trees,  
He but bowed his kingly head,  
In haughty tribute to the breeze?  
Hast thou known him thus to battle  
Through long years, unyielding still,  
On his rifted throne, unquestioned  
Monarch of the wind-swept hill?  
Hast thou chanced to note his downfall,  
Felled by no uprooting blast,  
But the heaven-forged bolt that found him  
Stout and stubborn to the last?  
Such was he in lone Balquidder,  
Who, with age and hardship spent,  
Still unconquered, to no foeman  
Save the grim destroyer bent.  
Yes! that head is silvered sadly  
With the hoary rime of years,  
And the dull ear scarce the anxious  
Question from the loved one hears.  
The bright red eye that erst had lightened  
Through the darkest gloom of war,  
Misty shows, and dimmed, and shaded,  
Like the cloud-veiled Arctic star;

Now the arm of iron muscle  
 Listless bears a nerveless hand,  
 Once in fray and foray foremost,  
 Wielding ever stoutest brand ;  
 Time has, too, that cheek of furrows  
 Blanched, that never blenched with fear ;  
 True, alas ! the pine is fading,  
 Limbs are shrunk, and leaves are sere.

But mark the change ! His henchman, bending  
 O'er him, whispers in his ear :  
 " A foeman comes ! MacAlpine, rouse thee !  
 Fierce MacLaurin's step is near ! "  
 The name scarce breathed, like match to mine  
 Lit the dim eye, flushed the cheek.  
 " What," he cries, " by foeman's deathbed  
 Does the false MacLaurin seek ?  
 Comes he here in coward triumph  
 On a sinking foe to gaze,  
 To mock the arm he oft avoided  
 On Glengyle or Appin's braes ?  
 Comes he so ? Then scanty welcome  
 Gives Macgregor such as he ;  
 Dastard foe shall dastard's treatment—  
 Stern contempt—receive of me.  
 Yet the craven heart finds ever  
 Venomed tongue to wrong the brave,  
 When the avenger lies the helpless,  
 Brandless tenant of the grave ;  
 So, before he comes, I pray you,  
 O'er my shoulders fold the plaid,  
 Bring the sword his kinsmen's life-blood  
 Deep has dyed in many a raid.  
 Nay, bring all, for so accoutred

Would I meet MacLaurin's eye,  
 Vaunt he shall not, that he saw me  
 Helpless at his mercy lie;  
 So saw foeman ne'er MacGregor,  
 When his footstep trod the heath;  
 Nor shall new insulter, scathless  
 Beard him on his bed of death."

Boots it to rehearse that meeting;  
 What was spoken, what replied?  
 How pretended pity's accents  
 Met contemptuous tones of pride?  
 Enough! The dying chieftain bore him  
 Worthy of his glorious past;  
 As in life, in death undaunted—  
 True MacGregor to the last.

So they parted, and the vigour  
 Iron will had well sustained  
 Yielded as death's night drew nearer,  
 And the failing life-light waned.  
 Yet, before he sank, he whispered  
 In his favoured piper's ear:  
 "Play me, Neil! 'Tha phill me tulidh,"<sup>1</sup>  
 'Tis the last that I shall hear."  
 Yes, the last! Alas! MacGregor!  
 Stout of heart and strong of hand,  
 Ne'er again on highland heather  
 Shalt thou draw thy mountain brand;  
 Ne'er again shall break thy war-pipe  
 Fair Loch Lomond's wild repose;

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<sup>1</sup> I return no more.

"Go

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<sup>2</sup> Gl

<sup>3</sup> In  
 Macgre

Ne'er again shall dread thy prowess  
 Fierce Colquhoun or proud Montrose.  
 Now, no more—a wearied outlaw—  
 Shalt thou seek the lone Glenfalloch;<sup>2</sup>  
 Such thy rest, as found thy fathers  
 'Neath the yews of fair Inchcailloch.<sup>3</sup>  
 Runner staunch! thy race is ended;  
 Warrior bold! thy fight is o'er.  
 E'er the wailing notes are ended,  
 Alpine's bravest breathes no more.



## WALLACE.

### I.—THE WIDOWED MOURNER.

“Gone!” said ye? “Gone! My Marion slain? Oh!  
 say it is not true!  
 No deed so foul could Satan's self, though thrice a  
 devil, do;  
 No heart so hard, though by a whole eternity of  
 guilt  
 Seared and polluted, but that face of innocence could  
 melt.  
 I will not, cannot think it's true; and yet ye say  
 'tis so,  
 Oh, Heaven! support me with Thy Grace to bear  
 that fearful blow!

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<sup>2</sup> Glenfalloch : Glen of hiding.

<sup>3</sup> Inch-cailloch : Island of Old Women, the traditional burying-place of the Macgregors, situated in Loch Lomond.

Oh, God! in mercy give me strength, keep reason  
 on its throne;  
 To know, yet bear to know the truth that she is from  
 me gone,  
 And gone in blood! a murdered one, by dastard's  
 weapon slain,  
 The thought brings torture to my heart, and madness  
 to my brain.

Oh! had that loved one's gentle form but softly sank  
 to rest  
 With dying face upturned to mine and pillowed on  
 my breast,  
 I could have said, 'Thy will be done—since such  
 Thy will, O God!'  
 I could have schooled my stubborn soul and kissed  
 the chastening rod;  
 But murdered—foully murdered—by a villain's coward  
 hand,  
 A martyr to her love for me and for her native land;  
 I cannot list soft Mercy's voice, I cannot kneel to  
 pray,  
 The dictates of a dire revenge sweep other thoughts  
 away;  
 In maddening eddy, whirl and rush, like spring-  
 begotten flood,  
 One fierce desire o'erflows my heart and circles in  
 my blood:  
 And by that Heaven where now I know my loved one  
 is at rest,  
 And by its King, the Lord of Lords, the highest  
 and the best,  
 I swear that neither rust nor sheath shall know my  
 vengeful brand,

Till to the hilt, in murderers' blood, 'tis reddened in  
 my hand ;  
 Till for each wound her bosom bore a double gash  
 is made  
 In that vile heart that nerved his hand and steeled  
 his ruthless blade.

Does hunter spare the sneaking wolf that reft his  
 babe of life ?  
 And shall I spare the coward fiend that slew my  
 helpless wife ?  
 Nay, more, the measure of my hate, that long before  
 was full,  
 Has now run o'er and that vile deed of cursèd tyrant's  
 tool  
 Shall back recoil, with ten-fold force upon his  
 master's head,  
 And down-trod Scotia's rights arise on mounds of  
 English dead :  
 The minion's crime that crushed my heart was but  
 a blast of air,  
 That fanned to flame the germ of fire that long had  
 smouldered there ;  
 And (with the patriot's God to aid) that wrong-  
 begotten blaze  
 In many a leal, true Scottish heart a kindred glow  
 shall raise,  
 Till in the land whose soil contains our free-born  
 fathers' graves,  
 No sword of a usurper gleams, nor tyrant's banner  
 waves :  
 Then, Marion, then, when all too late, the Southern  
 King shall know,  
 D



The hand that smote thee struck indeed a suicidal  
 blow;  
 Then, loved one! then thy cruel death right well  
 avenged shall be,  
 When from Cape Wrath to Solway's tide thy father-  
 land is free."

## II.—THE PATRIOT AVENGER.

Fierce the onset, keen the contest, in the valley of  
 the Forth,  
 When the archers of the Southern met the spearmen  
 of the North;  
 When "St. George for England!" echoed "Good  
 St. Andrew for the right!"  
 And claymore on English helmet rang the changes  
 of the fight;  
 Here the billman's weapon clashing met the tough-  
 grained ashen spear,  
 There the mail-clad Norman grappled with the  
 plaided mountaineer,  
 And the grey-goose-feathered arrow, though by Sher-  
 wood's archers plied,  
 Found its tempered point avail not in the studded  
 tough bull-hide.  
 Foot to foot, fought Celt and Saxon in the forefront  
 of the fight,  
 Neither gave nor asked for quarter, neither feared  
 the other's might;  
 Nought but foeman's dearest life-blood on his foe-  
 man's blade could sate  
 All the ruthless, rooted cravings of hereditary hate.  
 Dire and deadly was the conflict, for each sturdy  
 Scotsman felt

That his country's fate was hanging on each blow  
 his weapon dealt,  
 That the gem of Scotia's freedom must on Scotia's  
 brow be set,  
 Or bedeck the robber forehead of the proud Plan-  
 tagenet.

Stout the swordsman of the Humber, staunch the  
 archers of the Trent,  
 But their deffest strokes were parried, and in vain  
 their arrows sent;  
 For the God of battles aided those who struggled  
 for the right,  
 And the flower of England's squadrons wavered,  
 reeled, and turned to flight.  
 In the carnage fierce that followed, when the Forth's  
 empurpled tide  
 Swept full many a gallant soldier to a grave in ocean  
 wide,  
 Scotland wronged was bravely righted and released  
 from tyrant's sway,  
 Scotland's night in light was breaking, night had  
 brightened into day.

When the din of war was over, and the scene of  
 strife was still,  
 Save where, like the gusty soughing of the wind on  
 pine-clad hill,  
 Rose the mournful murmur of the brave, that, racked  
 with pain,  
 Shared the blood-stained field of battle with the  
 bodies of the slain;  
 When, by distance toned and mellowed, and to  
 faintest hum subdued,

Came the clamour and the outcry of pursuer and  
 pursued;  
 One proud form among the fallen leaned upon his  
 gory brand,  
 And the awful scene of slaughter with a glance of  
 triumph scanned:  
 "Perish thus," so spoke the hero, "Scotia's right-  
 usurping foes,  
 Perish thus the tyrant authors of her countless  
 wrongs and woes;  
 Thus may Scotsmen, <sup>as valiant</sup> in the cause of freedom be,  
 With their broadswords as the bulwarks to the tide  
 of tyranny,  
 Thus, my loved one! has thy murder on the  
 murderer's head recoiled,  
 When the hand of thy avenger has his proud  
 ambition foiled,  
 Now no more the neck of Scotsman does the  
 Norman's yoke degrade,  
 Scotland's direst foe is vanquished, and the debt of  
 vengeance paid."

### III.—FREEDOM'S MARTYR.

'Twas a morning dark and lowering, and the sun  
 with mist was dim,  
 Making shadows still more shadowed on that fortress  
 old and grim,<sup>1</sup>  
 In whose closely-guarded chambers, turret cells, or  
 dungeon deep,  
 Oft have pined the nation's noblest—England's  
 palace-prison keep.

<sup>1</sup> The Tower of London.

O'er the piles-embattled rampart lightning-pregnant  
 clouds appeared,  
 And the muttering voice of thunder told the gathering  
 tempest neared ;  
 When, by archer-guard surrounded—victim of a  
 tyrant's hate—  
 Came the hero form of Wallace proudly through  
 the Traitor Gate ;  
 And he stood beneath the gibbet, stood beneath the  
 accursèd tree,  
 Fearless, as he erst in freedom paced the groves  
 of Elderslie ;  
 Stood, as stands the mountain summit in its thawless  
 robe of snow,  
 In its cloudless grandeur, heedless of the storm  
 that raged below.  
 Never tell-tale muscle quivered as he trod the scaffold  
 stair,  
 Mien as proud as when a victor did the fettered  
 martyr wear,  
 And in stern, unshaken accents he—the ever-daunt-  
 less—spoke,  
 Firm as when before his prowess Surrey's serried  
 squadrons broke :  
 " This then, this is Edward's vengeance ; thus the  
 pride of chivalry  
 To a noble foe denies the privilege of nobility,<sup>2</sup>  
 Thus the gallant, knightly monarch strikes defence-  
 less foemen down,  
 Worthy deeds of worthy wearer of the perjured  
 Lackland's crown ;

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<sup>2</sup> Wallace, being of gentle blood, was entitled, by the grim privilege of nobility, to be beheaded.

Worthy deeds of him whose mandate freedom's bards  
 at Conway slew,<sup>3</sup>  
 Branding as a felon traitor him who ne'er allegiance  
 knew  
 To the false, usurping Norman, and whose crime was  
 but to be,  
 As in heart and hand, a Scotsman—jealous of his  
 liberty;  
 Vainly deems he freedom's standard with the  
 standard-bearer falls,  
 Vainly deems that freemen slumber when the voice  
 of freedom calls:  
 Other hands will raise the banner, other brands,  
 beneath its folds,  
 Yet will show how frail the tenure Norman hand on  
 Scotland holds,  
 Minions! tell your royal master how a patriot can die,  
 Tell him that, as erst his prowess, now his vengeance  
 I defy!  
 Tell him that to Heaven above, my judge's Judge  
 and mine,  
 My passing soul my country's cause, I fearlessly  
 resign!"




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<sup>3</sup> Edward I. is charged with the massacre of the Welsh bards at Conway, lest their songs should preserve the spirit of ancient freedom among the people. Upon this the poet Gray founded his celebrated ode. (*Vide* Collier's Hist. of Brit. Emp.)

**"CLANN NA'N GAIDHEAL'N GUAILLNIBH  
CHEILE."**

"Highlanders shoulder to shoulder."

[The war-cry given by the late Lieut.-General Gordon of Loch-dhu, at the crossing of the Nive—leading the 50th Regiment—The gallant half-hundred.]

(1)

Long ago, when Roman armies  
Under mighty Cæsar came  
To add the conquest of our Island  
To the glory of their name,  
Say! who foiled their fiercest efforts,  
Made the unconquered legions fail?  
Who? Our dauntless Celtic fathers—  
"Clann na'n gaidheal'n guaillnibh cheile."

(2)

Who, when Danish pirate galleys  
Poured their hosts on Scotia's strand,  
Tamed the Vikings, curbed the Norseman,  
Kept the freedom of the land?  
Who, when on that cherished freedom  
Edward laid his hand of mail,  
Kept from Norman's grasp their birthright?  
"Clann na'n gaidheal'n guaillnibh cheile."

(3)

Who, when Charlie, crownless, homeless,  
Sought their shelter and their aid,  
Gave him welcome, and to right him  
Donned the targe and drew the blade?

Who when dark Culloden's tidings  
 Raised the stricken mourner's wail,  
 Scorned a traitor's part, and saved him?  
 "Clann na'n gaidheal'n guailnibh cheile."

## (4)

Who, when Europe's proudest monarchs  
 Trembled at Napoleon's frown,  
 Dared him, met him, dimmed his glory,  
 Stripped him of his borrowed crown?  
 Who, in squares that stood unbroken—  
 Spite of horse and iron hail—  
 Gained the day that sealed his downfall?  
 "Clann na'n gaidheal'n guailnibh cheile."

## (5)

Where the Euxine's stormy waters  
 Chafe the far Crimean shore,  
 There have sounded Highland pibrochs,  
 There has gleamed the red claymore.  
 Who were they, by Alma's river,  
 Made the stoutest Russian quail?  
 The thin red line of brave Sir Colin—  
 "Clann na'n gaidheal'n guailnibh cheile."

## (6)

Who forgets those shrieks of anguish  
 Wafted from the Indian shore,  
 When wives and babes were foully slain  
 At Delhi, Lucknow, and Cawnpore?  
 Who, when with the gallant Havelock,  
 Wreaked the vengeance of the Gael  
 On the dusky, demon rebels?  
 "Clann na'n gaidheal'n guailnibh cheile."

(7)

Yes, where'er the wrongs of Britain,  
 Or "oppression's woes and pains,"  
 Claim redress, the Highland broadsword  
 Still the meed of honour gains:  
 Heaven, then, bless the land that gives us,  
 From its every strath and vale,  
 True brave hearts to guard our honour—  
 "Clann na'n gaidheal'n guailnibh cheile."

\* \* \*

## FAREWELL TO SCOTLAND.

(1)

Far upon the stormy water  
 Speeds the vessel fast and free,  
 With each wave it furrows, parting  
 Dear old Scotland's strand and me:  
 Oh! my heart was full to bursting  
 And the teardrops dimmed my e'e,  
 As I saw each headland fading  
 On the dim and distant lee.

Farewell, Scotland! though my footsteps  
 May be on thy heath no more,  
 Still shall waft the whispering breezes  
 Sighs and blessings to thy shore.



## (2)

What though envious tongues have called thee  
Stern and rugged, cold and bare;  
Is the diamond less a jewel  
That it boasts no setting fair?  
Is the eagle less a monarch  
That he lacks the peacock's train?  
Would the mountain gain in grandeur  
Were it verdant as the plain?

Farewell, Scotland! etc.

## (3)

Land of mountain, flood, and forest,  
Queen of heath-encircled brow,  
Stern and wild, a grand but loving,  
Rough but kindly mother thou!  
Scotia! though beyond the ocean,  
I afar from thee must roam,  
Yet no other land shall ever  
Claim the cherished name of home.

Farewell, Scotland! etc.

\* \* \*

## ADIEU TO AVON.

(1)

On Avon's bonny birken braes,  
 When Spring was in its prime,  
 How oft I've heard the mavis sing,  
 Nor marked the flight of time.

(2)

I've pu'ed the gowan frae its bed,  
 The primrose frae its shaw;  
 But now they'll bloom untouched by me,  
 When I am far awa'.

(3)

But still my heart shall linger near,  
 When these are in their bloom,  
 Though other hands shall pluck the flowers,  
 I'll breathe their sweet perfume.

(4)

Though now I bid a long farewell  
 To all I loved and knew,  
 I may come back ere Spring returns,  
 Meanwhile I bid adieu.

\* \* \*

## RICHARD CŒUR-DE-LION.

(1)

Where hangs the harp of chivalry  
That sang of other days?  
'Twas it alone distinguishèd  
The noble from the base.  
In good old England, long ago,  
Plantagenet filled the throne  
And ruled o'er many a feudal tower,  
That's now to ruins gone.

(2)

Their arms have long since mouldered  
From off the castle walls;  
Their strongholds too in ruins lie,  
And silent are their halls.  
Yet, they have seen far other days,  
When decked in lordly pride,  
When steel-clad knights held wassails there,  
From eve till morning-tide.

(3)

Their vaulted roofs re-echoed then  
To Merlin's thrilling lays,  
As mighty minstrels struck the lyre  
To sing a Monarch's praise.  
When tales were told of battles fought  
In foreign climes afar,  
Which conquering turban'd infidels held,  
Where once shone Judah's star.

(4)

How Richard of the Lion-Heart  
 Embarked on the Crusade,  
 The bravest Prince of Norman blood,  
 That e'er a sceptre swayed.  
 His name remains a theme of song  
 In lands of Galilee,  
 The most renowned of Christian knights,  
 The flower of chivalry.

(5)

His lowering plume was ever seen  
 The first in ranks of war ;  
 As he led his Red Cross soldiers on,  
 He seemed their guiding star ;  
 And, as they swept the Saracen ranks  
 And fearful havoc made,  
 Saladin's soldiers strewed the ground,  
 Were scattered and dismayed.

(6)

In vain the Soldan's sable hordes  
 Their javelins showered like hail,  
 In vain invoked the Prophet's aid  
 'Gainst Christian sword and mail.  
 From sacred Lebanon's lofty brow  
 They drove their Moslem foes,  
 And where the Crescent waved aloft  
 The Christian standard flows.

(7)

The stately cedars bend their tops  
 O'er thickly-tented ground,  
 Where martial music swells the breeze  
 And echoes far around.

The warriors, anxious, fix their eye  
 Upon Jerusalem's walls,  
 And swear they, by the swords they wield,  
 To feast within its halls,

## (8)

And pay the solemn vows they pledged  
 On leaving England's shore,  
 To wrest its shrines from Turkish sway  
 Or to return no more.  
 Then, taking there a mean repast,  
 They sleep their steeds beside;  
 Some dream of their paternal halls,  
 Some of their distant bride.

## (9)

All's silent, save the measured tread  
 Of wakeful guards around,  
 Or neigh of fiery, restless steed,  
 That longs to tread the ground.  
 Thus rested the crusading host  
 Till dawn of day appeared,  
 Then bustling of their buckling arms  
 And mustering ranks were heard.

## (10)

And knightly banners were unfurled  
 In midst of vassals true,  
 The bravest e'er that levelled spear  
 Or bent the trusty yew.  
 And when its noble leaders there,  
 Their followers have arrayed,  
 All eyes are turned to yonder tent  
 Where England's flag's displayed.

<sup>1</sup> *St.*  
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 Strath  
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 are Ber  
 Avon, 4  
<sup>2</sup> *Ra*  
 of a loc

(11)

Till loud the royal trumpets sound,  
 And Leb'non's caverns ring,  
 With deafening shouts the martial ranks  
 Hail England's Lion-King.  
 As lightly mounts his fiery steed  
 With housings draped in gold,  
 No other Prince in Christendom  
 Of such Herculean mould.

. . . . .

\* \* \*

STRATHDOWN.<sup>1</sup>A REMINISCENCE BY "RUADHBRUICH."<sup>2</sup>

Guidheam ort a ghleann mo Bheannachd !  
 Gleann na'n gillean sgiobailt treun !  
 Gleann na'n gaisgeach gleann na'n gruagach  
 Banail, boidheach ! Gleann Shrath-h-ath-F'hinn.  
 (Clarsair na'n Beann.)

(1)

Now that youthful days are over,  
 I look back on other years,  
 Grateful for their joys that gladdened,  
 Not unthankful for their tears ;

<sup>1</sup> *Strathdown* or *Strathavon*, in Banffshire, is the district watered by the Avon, the principal tributary of the Spey. The southern portion of the Strath is embraced within the parish of Kirkmichael, which contains the village of Tomantoul, the native place of the poet. Within the boundaries of the parish many of Scotland's highest peaks are included : among them are Ben Macdhui, Cairngorm, Ben a Bhoord, Ben Main, Ben Baynac, Ben Avon, &c.

<sup>2</sup> *Ruadhbrùich*, signifying Redbrae, or Slope of the Deer, is the name of a locality in Glenavon. The poet adopted this as an early *nom de plume*

Variest moods of memory move me,  
 I recall full many a frown,  
 Yet not varier smiles that met me  
 In my journey from Strathdown.

## (2)

Hard and rough, no doubt, the way was,  
 Life is all an Alpine route ;  
 They alone can reach the summit  
 Who are cool and sure of foot :  
 Yet not among the rearmost runners  
 In the race of high renown,  
 Will you find the man who started  
 From the braes of fair Strathdown.

## (3)

Leal of heart and open-handed,  
 Generous, noble-minded men,  
 Scorning all that fears the daylight,  
 Are the sons of Avon's glen.  
 Need I name them? Staunch MacGregors<sup>3</sup>  
 (Braver never belted sword on),  
 Or that race, renowned in battle—  
 That of gallant Croughly-Gordon.<sup>3</sup>

## (4)

Many more, in legend treasured,  
 I could name, if there were time,  
 And I were not clogged and fettered  
 By the exigence of rhyme ;

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<sup>3</sup> The families of the Macgregors of Delavorar and the Gordons of Croughley have given to the British Army several brave soldiers of high rank. See "Highlands and Highlanders," by W. G. Stewart, &c.)

'Tis enough, their memory fills me  
 With a flush of honest pride,  
 When I know them reared and nurtured  
 All on bonny Avonside.

## (5)

Mine own glen! right well I love thee,  
 Far amongst the mountains hid,  
 With thy reaches wide of moorland  
 Birken braes and haughs amid;  
 Varied wold and woodland shady,  
 Sunlit hill and shadowed vale,  
 Sheltered by the high Ben-Avon,  
 Rock-girt cradle of the Gael.

## (6)

There a kilted boy I rambled,  
 Void of care, and fear, and guile,  
 Dared the winter's deepest snowdrift.  
 Met with glee the summer's smile,  
 Scaled the crags where Alnaic murmurs,  
 Swam the Avon's deepest pool,  
 Drank the secret joy of nature,  
 Spurned the harsh restraints of school:

## (7)

From the Conglass wiled the troutlet,  
 And, when come to riper years,  
 Learned the midnight art of "blazing,"  
 And the skill of salmon spears;



Drew the Dhu-b'rac<sup>4</sup> from its hiding,  
 Shot the blackcock and the red,  
 Roused the dun-deer in the dawning  
 From his purple heather bed.

## (8)

Farther still thy charms enticed me,  
 For I scaled Ben Chirin's brow,  
 Stood upon the "Barns of Baynac,"<sup>5</sup>  
 Trod Muich Dhui's glacier snow;  
 Knew the spot where "ptarmich"<sup>6</sup> brooded,  
 And where eagles dwelt alone,  
 Caiplich, Glas-ault, Dhu-loch, Gearr-uisg,  
 And the haunted "shelter-stone."<sup>7</sup>

## (9)

Oh! ye days of youthful daring,  
 With the youthful vigour past,  
 Could a wish renew your pleasures,  
 I had never seen your last:  
 Oh! to tread once more the heather,  
 Where it blossoms to the knees,  
 Waving like the tossing billows  
 In the bracing mountain breeze.

<sup>4</sup> A large sea trout of fine quality, for which the Avon is noted.

<sup>5</sup> *Barns of Baynac*.—A large mass of boulder rock deposited near the summit of the mountain by the icebergs of the glacier period.

<sup>6</sup> Ptarmigan.

<sup>7</sup> Streams and lochs in Glenavon. The Shelter-stone is a large piece of granite that has, at some not very remote period, fallen from its parent rock on the shoulder of Ben Main. Resting as it does, at the edges, on some smaller stones, it is capable of affording shelter to several people. (See "The Wolfe of Badenoch," chapters 25 and 26, by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder.)

## (10)

Oh! again to stem the rivers,  
 Once again to climb the crags,  
 Chide the gloaming that it hastens,  
 And the daylight that it lags.  
 Oh! again to thread the corries  
 Hidden in the highest Bens,  
 And to sleep the sleep untroubled  
 Of the dwellers in the glens.

## (11)

All in vain, alas! I covet  
 Such another night's repose,  
 Such a sound "surcease of sorrow"  
 And oblivion of woes,  
 As I found beneath the "Shelter"  
 Which Dame Nature's hand purveyed  
 'Neath a granite boulder roof-tree  
 In a heather-blossom bed.

## (12)

And in vain, in vain I long for  
 Such another morning's dawn  
 As full often I have greeted  
 By thy shingly shore Loch A'on:  
 Oh! ye fords of silvery Avon,  
 How I long again to wade you,  
 Once again to climb Cnoc-Fergan,<sup>a</sup>  
 In the search of faery May-dew.

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<sup>a</sup> On the slope of which is the far-famed well or spring dedicated to St. Fergan. (See "Sacred Wells of Scotland.")

## (13)

Once again to trace the windings  
 Of the river from the morn,  
 Till the gloaming found me resting  
 By the pool of Cnocan-eorn;  
 Counting o'er the scaly trophies  
 That my rod to shore had brought,  
 Deeming (who does not?) the largest  
 Those I very nearly caught.

## (14)

Here let me pay a heartfelt tribute  
 To the friend that often then  
 Taught me how to lure and land them—  
 King of genial anglers—"Glen":<sup>\*</sup>  
 Sound he sleeps the last long slumber,  
 But when Charlie Gordon died,  
 Kindlier heart or better angler  
 Left he not on Avonside.

## (15)

Now I pause, for mournful memories  
 Crowd upon me thick and fast;  
 Let good wishes gild the future,  
 Not regrets obscure the past.  
 Blessings on the glen where nestle  
 Faery-haunted Delnabo,  
 Hazel-curtained, steep Craig-chailky,  
 And the bosky Eilean-no.

\* "Glen" is the family name of the Gordons of St. Bridget, once the Gordons of Glenbucket.

(16)

Sons of Avon, oh! be loyal  
 To the glen that gave you birth;  
 Fairer spot, in all my roaming,  
 I have never found on earth.  
 Let not sneer or scoff of Saxon  
 Make you Avon's glen disown,  
 And preserve your honour stainless  
 As the river of Strathdown.

\* \* \*

## THE PINE.

(1)

The kingly oak, the spreading beech,  
 The graceful birkin tree  
 Have found their praises fitly sung  
 In glowing minstrelsy:  
 As proud a theme, in humbler strain,  
 The task to sing is mine,  
 The peerless badge of matchless race,  
 Clan Alpine's honoured pine.

(2)

Let England boast the Royal tree,  
 Whose towering giant form  
 Defies, in dauntless majesty,  
 The terrors of the storm;

But not to oak of stubborn strength  
 Shall I the meed resign,  
 For ruder blasts, in ruder lands,  
 In vain assail the pine.

## (3)

And Scotia, too, can point with pride  
 To many a noble stem  
 Of elm, or ash, or rowan tree,  
 Or birch—the forest gem—  
 But give me him whose lofty form  
 Does all their charms combine,  
 The staunch and stately mountain king,  
 The grand and graceful pine.

## (4)

True type of that unyielding race  
 Who braved oppression's will,  
 And, like their badge, approved themselves  
 The monarchs of the hill;  
 Who reigned in rugged fastnesses  
 Of Nature's rude design,  
 Their native heath, their throne beneath  
 The shadow of the Pine.

## (5)

What tree like this, what race like them  
 Can other nations show,  
 The one unbending to the blast,  
 The other to the foe?  
 Fearless of finding them a peer,  
 I may to both assign  
 The foremost place, to worth and might,  
 Clan Alpine and the Pine.

# GLENAVON: AN EXILE'S WISH.

(1)

Were I the lord of acres broad,  
 Or free to choose my own abode  
     Where'er should suit my mind;  
 Where, think you, should I cast my lot?  
 In bustling town or rural grot,  
     So I might pleasure find?  
 Would luxury's halls of pampered ease,  
 Or busy trades' emporium please  
     (To some a paradise)?  
 Would villa by the castled Rhine,  
 Or classic Po—if such were mine—  
     Arrest my searching eyes?  
 Ah, no! in other scenes than these  
 I'd seek for mental health and ease—  
     Though haply not so fair—  
 Beyond the Tweed, beyond the Forth,  
 Far in the fair romantic north,  
     The favoured glen is there.

(2)

Where the Avon's murmuring tones  
 Tell of brawls with frequent stones,  
 That oppose its Speyward course,  
 Making music sweet, if hoarse.  
 Where the mountains—capped with snow—  
 Find mirror meet in tarns below,  
 "Where the stag has drunk its fill,"  
 Then climbed the heath-empurpled hill,  
 And sounds of life are faint and few,

Save voice of lapwing or curlew,  
 The "gorcock's nickering note" of glee,  
 Or hum of heather-haunting bee.  
 The stillness on the sense that grows  
 Is that of calm and sweet repose,  
 As if, when sleep on Nature crept,  
 She breathed on music as she slept,  
 While purling streamlet, bird and bee  
 Conspired to "croon" her lullaby.

## (3)

There, in such scenes, one birch-tree sheltered  
 glade  
 My memory seeks: 'twas there my footsteps  
 strayed,  
 Where youth's gay veil o'er life's harsh  
 features thrown  
 Made them seem bright and joyous as my  
 own:  
 When all unknown, the sorrow, storm, and  
 strife  
 That form the stern realities of life,  
 I roamed where all by turns was fair or  
 grand,  
 As vale I chose, or lofty mountain land,  
 Or towering rock whose tempest-battered crest  
 Received the eagle's or the falcon's nest,  
 Or fairy dell, where "haunted Delnabo"  
 Is hushed to list to Alnaic's tale of woe,  
 Whose weird, wild cadence to the birch-tree  
 raves,  
 And chants a requiem o'er the neighbouring  
 graves.  
 Filled, as the legends of our fathers tell,

By ashes of the brave who fought and fell,  
 When exiled Stuart sought his father's throne,  
 And lost full many a fortune with his own:  
 Then, then war's bloodhounds on the land let  
     loose  
 Wrought ruin, worse than plagues or death  
     produce,  
 And burning homesteads, bloodstained hearths  
     appealed  
 To Heaven for vengeance: o'er her wounds  
     unhealed  
 Pale Albion mourned and poured her bitterest  
     tears,  
 Sole remedy allowed by tyrant's fears  
 To her, who faithful in mistaken cause,  
 Shook his new throne and overstepped his  
     laws;  
 Not this the way to heal the widening breach,  
 Or love to vanquished rebel hearts to teach,  
 But this—to swell Gaul's hostile ranks—the  
     plan  
 With exiled chief and his devoted clan.

## (4)

Aye, even here the murderous blade has been,  
 And smoke of roof-trees dimmed the lovely  
     scene;  
 Here the liege subjects of the demon War  
 Tendered their homage round the blood-  
     stained car;  
 And sacrificed (while he looked on and  
     smiled),  
 Their hearths the altar—helpless wife and  
     child—



Helpless indeed—for husband-father lay  
 Stark, where he fell on that disastrous day,  
 When dark Culloden's baneful, "blasted  
 heath"

Drank to excess the crimson tide of death.  
 Woe worth that fiend!—for man he could  
 not be—

Whose cruel mandate sped the butchery;  
 Whose soldiers, by fell license made insane,  
 Piled on such pyres the unresisting slain—  
 A holocaust, whose baneful smoke has stained  
 The laurels he had erst so fairly gained;  
 Still be his name, to ages all esteemed  
 Doubly accursed—by no fair trait redeemed—  
 Whose ruthless "spare not" to his lawless  
 band

Changed war's fair falchion to foul murderer's  
 brand,  
 And dubbed himself "The butcher, Cumber-  
 land."

## (5)

These days are gone: no more war's wild  
 alarms  
 Ring through our glens, to call their sons to  
 arms,  
 But peace, mild goddess, sheds her smiles  
 benign,  
 And blest content makes humblest fare divine:  
 There would I dwell, there spend my waning  
 years,  
 Untossed, untorn by this world's hopes or  
 fears,  
 And when the sunset of life's day drew nigh,



(2)

A frown from the mountain, a tear from the tree,  
 And a dirge from the murmuring stream,  
 A woeful sigh coming deep o'er the breeze,  
 Like a vulture's last dying scream,

(3)

Proclaim to the heart of the cold Highland muse  
 That her own favourite son is dead,  
 That he who had sung of the kilt and the trews  
 Is cold as the coldest lead.

(4)

He sung of the charms of his own bright glen,  
 And he told of the days of yore,  
 While he warbled on his harp, again and again,  
 'Neath the shade of the pines of Glenmore.

(5)

But alas! now he's gone, and no more will he sing  
 Of the Spey or the Avon's shore;  
 While the faeries lament in their mystic rhymes  
 The death of the Bard of Glenmore.

(6)

It was near the source of the pebbly stream,  
 Where the cataracts loudly roar,  
 That the hills, that looked down on his boyhood's  
 dream,  
 Lament for the Bard of Glenmore.

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## (7)

Ye murmuring winds that in sympathy howl  
 O'er the last bed of genius and lore,  
 Sigh mournfully o'er him in "dark Tomantoul"  
 A dirge for the Bard of Glenmore.

NOTE.—The "Bard of Glenmore" here lamented, was Donald Shaw, author of "Highland Legends." He was born at Inchrory, Glenavon, whence, after a tenure of several generations, the Shaws were removed by the Duke of Richmond, on the afforesting of Glenavon. The family then settled at Auchgourish, a large farm, near the entrance to the Deer Forest of Glenmore, Strathspey. Hence the nom de plume. The above verses were written on the day of Glenmore's funeral.



## WALLACE.

At sound of thy most precious name  
 Our hearts aflame shall be,  
 And loyal Scots a wreath shall twine  
 For Scotland freed by thee.  
 While firmly anchored on the wave  
 Thy well-loved Scotia lies,  
 She'll first among her sacred names  
 The name of Wallace prize.  
 Her rarest and most precious gem  
 She'll hold thy noble heart,  
 That heart which knew and acted well  
 A loyal Scotsman's part.  
 Departed glory claims a sigh  
 (Just tribute to the brave),  
 But Scotia's bitt'rest tears bedew  
 Her patriot-hero's grave.

## AN EPISTLE TO "JUSTICE" MACPHERSON.

(1)

All hail! thy honest drouthy face,  
 Macpherson, Justice of the Peace,<sup>1</sup>  
 The king o' hearts, the ace o' trumps,  
 The first o' blackguards, chief o' camps,  
 But o'er a drap o' barley bree  
 The very pick o' company.

(2)

These few and hasty lines I've penned,  
 Your sinful ways to try and mend;  
 Tho' still I fear it's little use  
 To bid a cat not catch a moose,  
 Or tell her cream is bad to drink—  
 A very hopeless job, I think.

(3)

Just so with you, the gill-stoup's mouth  
 Will only quench your burning drouth,  
 And a' my preaching and advice  
 Will not convince you it's a vice  
 To get blin' fou and waste your cash  
 On whisky, porter, and sic trash.

<sup>1</sup> "Justice" Macpherson was a Tomantoul worthy of more than ordinary mental ability. Being an expert writer and withal skilled in legal formula, he frequently performed documentary transactions for his more illiterate neighbours. His ideas of a happy futurity were all his own, viz.: That Lochavon should be converted into whisky and that he—a fish—should be swimming in it throughout eternity.

## (4)

Ye got so drunk in Richmond's room  
 Ye swore a finger was a thoom ;  
 And still ye drink, my cautions scorning  
 Till horrors seize ye in the morning,  
 The devils blue around you reel,  
 And a' the pains o' Hell ye feel.

## (5)

A burning thirst, a splitting head,  
 A tongue as hot as melted lead ;  
 And aye a retching like to spue,  
 Make you repent ye e'er got fou ;  
 I hear ye haena' changed a grain,  
 And this has made me write again.

## (6)

To say just what I said before,  
 That e'er next year ye'll be no more ;  
 The bobby that they ca' " Auld Nick "  
 Will haul ye to his hole richt quick,  
 He's sure tae gie ye, when you're there,  
 His grannie's seat, the benmost chair.

## (7)

But drink, he winna' gie a drap  
 Tae weet your throat, my dainty chap !  
 There, bere or barley never grow,  
 And whisky's never seen below ;  
 O' soot and reek ye'll get your fill,  
 But feint a mutchkin or a gill.

PERSON.

OS,

1,

ordinary  
 formula,  
 illiterate  
 viz. : That  
 should be

## (8)

There is a plan that I was thinking,  
 Ye might escape for a' your drinking,  
 And yet be strong and safe and weel  
 And turn the tables on the Deil—  
 On any da', 'his month, that's current,  
 Give Andrew<sup>2</sup> or Lang John<sup>2</sup> a warrant.

## (9)

To nail Auld Nick where'er he's found,  
 On English, Scotch, or Irish ground ;  
 And tell Mackenzie<sup>3</sup> to arrest him,  
 For fear the others should have missed him,  
 And when you have him safe in "quad"  
 Judge him, and sentence him, my lad !

## (10)

For lang before he's out o' jail  
 You'll be ower Jordan many a mile,  
 Thus ye could nail the thief, ye see,  
 And rest in quiet security,  
 And drink your dram, and tak' your smoke,  
 And fear nae visit frae "Black Jock."

## (11)

But if ye let him go at large  
 He's sure tae hae yersel' in charge ;  
 Just think o' this, and let me ken  
 If I can help wi' hand or pen,  
 For, weel a' wat 'twad be a blessin'  
 Tae mair than you, if he gaed missin'.

---

<sup>2</sup> Sheriff officers.

<sup>3</sup> The policeman.

(12)

And I will help you all I can,  
 If only you'll adopt the plan ;  
 So, hoping you'll escape lock-jaw,  
 Rheumatics, toothache, gout an' a',  
 I wish you aye when pains assail you  
 A drappie good at hand tae hail you.

(13)

Wi' plenty brochan, kail an' brose,  
 An' cutty pipe tae heat your nose ;  
 Wi' this good wish my sermon's ended,  
 And aff tae you at once I send it.

Just tell Mackenzie, honest chiel,  
 He may take my advice or leave it ;  
 But if he wants to catch the Deil  
 He's sure to find him in Glenlivet.

\* \* \*

## HEILAN' WHISKEY.

(1)

Teetotallers may get up a squeel,  
 And try to prove wi' a' their skeel,  
 The first distiller was the Deil,  
     And fat he brewed was whiskey ;  
 But haith, we canna' credit that,  
 Nick never kept a smuggling pat,  
 Besides, his fire would burn the maut,  
     And spoil the broust o' whiskey.



## (2)

There's the Reverend Dry-as-Dust  
 Declares it's hand-in-hand wi' lust,  
 And that it fills him wi' disgust,  
     The very sicht o' whiskey ;  
 But haith, gin ye but kent the truth,  
 He likes himsel' to quench his drouth  
 An' swill the sermon frae his mouth  
     Wi' draps o' Hielan' whiskey.

## (3)

There's the Reverend Mealy-Mou'  
 (Wi' reverence be it spoken, too,)  
 Wad gar us think 'twad mak' him spue  
     To pree a drappie whiskey ;  
 An' yet his neb is like the rose,  
 The blossoms on his face disclose  
 That he's nae fae to Atholl brose,  
     Nor yet tae draps o' whiskey.

## (4)

So, spite o' what the parsons preach,  
 Doctors and teetotallers teach,  
 Here lassie! just go ben and fetch  
     Another gill o' whiskey.  
 An' may Minmore,\* for many a year,  
 Distil the drappie strong and clear,  
 Oor cares to droon, oor hearts to cheer  
     In pure, unchristened whiskey.

---

\* Minmore is the name of the hill, and hence the farm, in Glenlivet, where was built the first, and, for many years, the only distillery to produce the far-famed Glenlivet Whiskey. Its whiskey still carries the privilege of being labelled *The Glenlivet*.

## THE HEATHER.

(1)

The heather, the bonnie brown heather for me,  
 Emblem of freedom, the badge of the free ;  
 It grows not on hedgerow, it grows not on lea,  
 But on wild Highland mountains, the haunt of the bee.

(2)

Though wild be the moorland, and chill be the blast  
 That sweeps o'er its bosom, so fierce and so fast,  
 As it shakes the brown heather and sweet heather  
       bells,  
 Of our freedom unsullied it joyously tells.

(3)

When liberty fled from yon southern plains  
 To escape the pollution of tyranny's stains,  
 She decreed that the heather her emblem should be,  
 And the hills where it flourished should ever be free.

(4)

Then, sons of the Gael, a cheer for the heather !  
 And shoulder to shoulder go forward together !  
 Be it known that your charge is the charge of the  
       brave,  
 And your choice still is fame, or a heath-covered  
       grave !

## THE LASSIE THAT I LO'E.

Tune—"Alt'n nan" or "Gu mo slan chi mi."

(1)

Far in the realms of fancy  
 Let other poets rove,  
 'Give me to sing the pleasures  
 Of humble, homely love.  
 Let others laud Italian bowers,  
 And their dark maidens woo ;  
 Give me in groves of Avon  
 The lassie that I lo'e.

(2)

For graceful is my darling  
 As yonder waving pine,  
 And spotless as the dewdrop  
 That on the brackens shine ;  
 Her heart is warm and tender,  
 And to me ever true—  
 My own dear Highland maiden—  
 The lassie that I lo'e.

(3)

What though in pearls and diamonds  
 My lassie cannot shine,  
 Nor wears the garb of fashion  
 With silks and satins fine ;  
 In plaid of homely tartan  
 And simple snood of blue,  
 Than queen she is more charming—  
 The lassie that I lo'e.

(4)

As stainless as the snow-wreaths  
 That crown Ben Avon's brow,  
 Her heart is ever constant  
 And faithful to her vow ;  
 That vow, so freely tendered,  
 Brought to my grateful view  
 The wealth of love she gave me—  
 The lassie that I lo'e.

(5)

What though she boasts no riches  
 Save her sma' penny fee,  
 And fortune deals her favours  
 As sparingly on me ;  
 With willing hands and heart  
 Still to each other true,  
 We'll share life's joys and sorrows,  
 I and the lass I lo'e.

\* \* \*

## A SAVIOUR COMES.

(1)

Hark! the heavenly harp angelic,  
 Sounding clear through Judah's plain,  
 Not in wild wrath, not in anger,  
 Comes its sound this time to men.

## (2)

Gently, mildly on the breezes  
 Comes its joy-inspiring strain ;  
 With awe it strikes, yet love inspireth,  
 Rapture calm has hushed the plain.

## (3)

Murmuring streamlets hush their murmurs,  
 And amazed forget to flow,  
 While each songster mutely listens  
 To the strains he cannot know.

## (4)

Its chords are swept by heavenly fingers,  
 Heavenly voices chant again,  
 "Glory to our God, the Highest,  
 Peace and goodwill toward men !"

## (5)

A Saviour comes ! go tell the tidings,  
 Shout the joyful news abroad ;  
 He comes to save, and—wondrous truth—  
 In human form, but still a God.



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## MEDITATIONS.

In vain the wicked bend their bow,  
And seek to lay the righteous low,  
Thou, from Thine everlasting throne,  
With watchful care regard'st Thine own.

The chastening hand of One above  
Falls heavy, but I'll kiss the rod ;  
He gives the wound, and I will trust  
The healing to that self-same God.

[When evil befalls us, therefore, it does not come because God does not know it, or because He could not prevent it, but because, seeing it all, He judges that it is best that it should occur. The Lord trieth the righteous. He does not abandon them. He tries them to prove their faithfulness, and He afflicts them for their good. Blessed is the man that endureth ; his shall be a crown of life.]



## THE FREE CHURCH BANNER.

Raise, raise it up, raise it on high,  
Raise, raise the banner to the sky,  
And with their forces, let them come  
With sounding trumpet, thundering drum !

Our banner now aloft does fly,  
We will defend, or nobly die,  
The rights of Christ, our Head and King,  
So on the Free Church standard bring !

SLOINNTÉARACHD NA GRIOGAIRICH;  
OR,  
THE GENEALOGY OF CLAN GREGOR.

(A more correct version—verified by collation with MSS.—than that which appeared in the *American Scotsman*.)

By ALASDAIR MACALASDAIR MACALPINE.

(1)

Pefore Macrimmon plew a trone  
(More than a thoosan' year),  
MacGregor had a *piobaire* goot  
His Hielan' heart to cheer—  
The chief a *curragh* too possessed,  
Made of a bullock's hide,  
Which floated him until ta flood  
O' waters did subside.

(2)

Indeed, I've heard that Noah hailed  
MacGregor in a strait  
To seek supplies, because ta Ark  
Wass raither short o' meat,  
And Mac. bestowed a royal gift  
(He did na care a button),  
He tossed on board MacLamech's poat  
A ton o' braxey mutton.

(3)

Pesides he'll give some uisge-bheath,  
Pecause 'twas good for cramp  
An' rheumateeze an' other things,  
Occasioned by ta damp.

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An' Noah drank (the dram was goot,  
 An' titna' cost a mak')  
 Till he got fou, syne Ham, his poy,  
 Lauched till his face grew plack.

## (4)

Ta Gaelic langwitch, too, was heerd  
 At first—without a joke—  
 When Adam—bashfu' lad—from Eve  
 Was asking for a pôg.  
 And she was answer him at wance,  
 The words I canna tell,  
 But, this I'll ken, ta substance wass  
 "Hoot, toot mon! help yersel'."

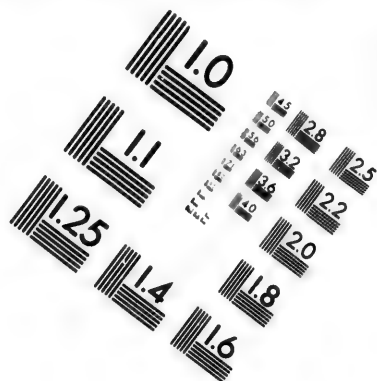
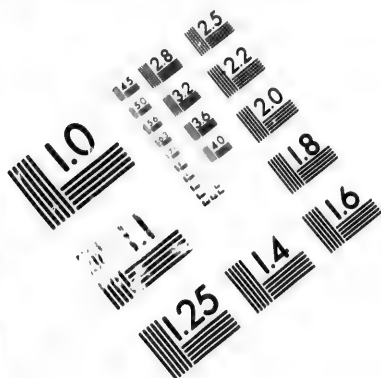
## (5)

Then Tubal-Cain (ye'll heerd o' him?),  
 His name was Seumas Gow,  
 He made a biodag an' skian-dubh,  
 Gran' things in any row.  
 He'll made a girdle for his wife  
 To fire her cakes at home,  
 An' for to plow his bit o' croft  
 He'll made ta first cas-chrom.

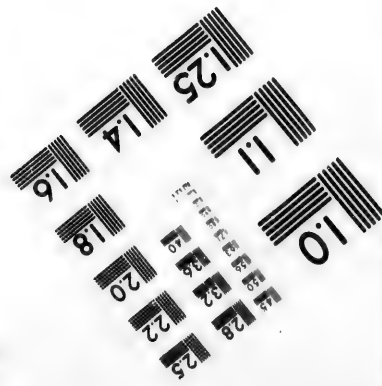
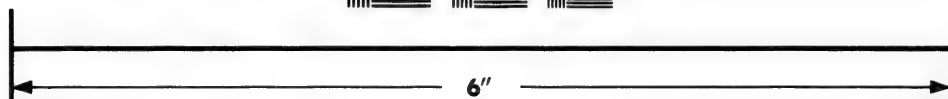
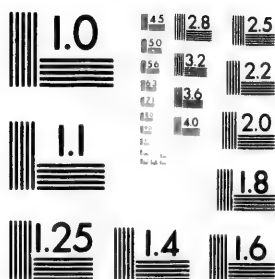
## (6)

You'll maybe heard he sell't a dram,  
 An' did invent ta bell;  
 I'm no believin' tat, for smiths  
 Will rather drink than sell.  
 I ken he smuggled, for he'll made  
 Ta very best pot-dubh,  
 An' fixed a ponnie wormie in't  
 Just shapit like a screw.





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(7)

Then Jubal Roy MacGregor wass  
 A forbear o' my own,  
 He was ta piper to our clan  
 An' flourished in Strathdown.  
 He made ta maist o' Hielan' tunes,  
 He played at every weddin',  
 And at ta Northern meetings, held  
 Langsyne at Clachnacuddin.

(8)

King David was a Hielan' lad,  
 A dancer fine an' a',  
 An' danced seann-truibbs in his sark,  
 Withooten breeks ava.  
 He killed a man called Culaibh Cath,  
 Wi' stanes he ga'm a thump,  
 Syne played his marbh-rann on ta harp,  
 An' tat was just a trump.

(9)

Noo, Samson's but a nickname ga'en  
 To Cluny Og Macpherson,  
 To a' ta Grants about Strathspey  
 He was a fashious person.  
 They tried to hang him, but he played  
 His weel-kenned Hielan' rant,  
 Syne jaw-boned them, and carried off  
 Ta gates o' Castle Grant.

(10)

There's some will say that Latin names  
 Were no wrote first in Erse,  
 Tat's no ta truth; but then, you see,  
 Some folks are so perverse.

There's Virgil, 'tis weel-kenned to me  
 He lived aboot Stratha'on,  
 An' Adam, when he named ta peasts  
 Ca'd him "Gilleasbuig Ban."

## (11)

Mirover, Homer was no Greek,  
 Nor porn in Greece at all;  
 He lived in Kinloch-luichart,  
 And they called him Rory Dall;  
 His Iliad and his Odyssey  
 Were written, if you please,  
 In oor auld tongue; he sang them, too,  
 At markets for bawbees.

## (12)

Professor Plackie an' mysel'  
 Last year we tit forgather;  
 An' he will say, "Ye needna' mind  
 What Sassenachs say whatever."  
 He'll told me, too, a curious thing,  
 That noo for ever mair,  
 He'll make ta Gaelic langwitch stand  
 By settin't in a chair.

## (13)

Ochone! but I will like to see it,  
 I'll dance ta Hielan' fling,  
 An' crack my thooms; ta pipes will play,  
 An' Plackie, he will sing  
 In honour o' MacAlpine's race—  
 Rob Roy's as well as mine—  
 They'll surely make ta Celtic Chair  
 O' nothing else but pine.

# FAREWELL TO TOMANTOUL AND STRATHAVON.

(Written for Mr. JAMES BRODIE.)

(1)

Farewell, Tomantoul! for the hour's come at last  
When I only can think of thy joys in the past;  
For destiny bears me away from the glen  
Where dwell bonny lasses and true-hearted men.

(2)

What though in their spite petty minds have decried  
thee,  
And said, with a sneer, they could never abide thee;  
I am sure that in this I shall not be alone,  
When I say I am certain the fault was their own.

(3)

As for me, I can say with my hand on my heart  
I'm loth as can be from Strathavon to part;  
And its hills and its streams and its valleys shall be  
Ever dear as the home of my childhood to me.

(4)

I have found hospitality, kindness and truth  
To be deeply engraved on the hearts of its youth,  
And I know you can always with safety depend  
On them aye standing true in the cause of a friend.

## (5)

I shall always remember with happiness deep  
 Craighalky, Knocklochy, and Ailnaic so steep,  
 The clear winding Avon, the fair Ellan-no,  
 And the birk-covered braes that surround Delnabo.

## (6)

Strathavon, farewell! though I cannot remain,  
 I trust that thy vale I may visit again;  
 How that will delight me, words fail me to tell,  
 And soon may the day come—Strathavon, farewell!



## AN EXILE'S DEATH.

(The following is no fancy sketch, but details an actual event in the early days of the settlement on the Fraser River, and the writer has only taken liberties with the names of the persons and of some of the localities.)

## (1)

'Twas in the lone Canadian wilds,  
 Where Fraser's waters flow,  
 And foot of man the solitude  
 Can scarce be said to know  
 (Save when, like shadow, through the glades  
 The wary Indian strays

With stealthy step, which snapping twig  
 Nor rustling leaf betrays),  
 That, as the glow of day began  
 In gloom of eve to melt,  
 Two hunter forms beside a third,  
 In manhood's sorrow knelt.

## (2)

All three were clad in backwood guise,  
 In trophies of the chase,  
 Each was of rugged, well-knit frame,  
 And weather-beaten face,  
 Each showed a spare but sinewy frame—  
 Result of woodland toil—  
 While features hard and deep-set eye  
 Spoke sons of Scotia's soil,  
 Who long had left the glens o'erhung  
 By proud Ben Avon's crest,  
 To seek a freeman's dwelling  
 In the forests of the West.

## (3)

Lithesome limbed and supple sinewed,  
 Shoulder broad and brisket deep,  
 Such they were as tyrants banish  
 But wise statesmen love to keep;  
 Such as glen and strath and corrie  
 In the ancient Scottish land  
 Rear (or reared the while I knew them)  
 'Neath each kindred chieftain's hand,  
 Such as changed in hue their tartans  
 As they stemmed the battle flood  
 With the life-stream of the foeman  
 And their own blue Highland blood.

## (4)

Such they were as women worship  
 Not for features' sake alone,  
 Not for stalwart form and stately,  
 Muscle hard and bendless bone,  
 Though for these they stood unrivalled,  
 But for fearless heart and true,  
 Kindly glance and dauntless bearing  
 Borne beneath the bonnet blue;  
 Such as ever made the fiercest  
 Of their foreign foemen reel,  
 Nodding plume and waving tartan  
 Charging with the Highland steel.

## (5)

They were banished, foul the page is  
 In the annals of the land,  
 Where recorded stands the exile  
 Of that hardy Highland band:  
 And the profit passes counting  
 To their present western home,  
 Heirs are they of that staunch manhood  
 That withstood the ranks of Rome,  
 Sent proud Cæsar's legions backward,  
 Foiled his cohorts' fiercest might.  
 All unmoved as mountains stood they  
 In the hurricane of fight.

## (6)

"Highland Clearances" removed them  
 To make room for sheep and deer;  
 Wiser Cis-Atlantic statesmen  
 Use a different system here.  
 "Come," they say, "from glen and valley,



Come in bands or come alone ;  
 Here no landlord levies rack-rent,  
 Here oppression is unknown ;  
 Factor's frowns can never frighten  
 Those who own the land they till,  
 Freedom thrives, where man can be  
 Independent if he will."

## (7)

Three brave lads in early manhood  
 Had come o'er the western sea,  
 Willing hands and hearts of daring  
 Could not brook the tyranny  
 Of the owner of their "holding"  
 (So sarcastically styled),  
 'Twas a bare hill-farm in Scotland,  
 Carved from out the heathy wild.  
 Thus, they came, some years thereafter,  
 To the pine-tree tangled side  
 Of the mighty Fraser River,  
 On that summer eventide.

## (8)

One, the youngest of the trio,  
 Fainting lay upon the ground,  
 In his side an Indian arrow  
 Rankled in a fatal wound ;  
 He had parted from his brothers  
 In the ardour of the chase,  
 To find his death from skulking redskin,  
 Crouching in a lurking place,  
 Where his unsuspecting victim  
 Dreamt not that a foe could be,  
 Twanged the bow, the arrow sped  
 And pierced young Colin mortally.

## (9)

Fading as the sunlight faded,  
 Colin's life-light waned apace,  
 Death's grey shadow fell—yet softly—  
 On his ruddy manhood's face ;  
 Thus he spoke in broken accents,  
 And with labouring, hard-drawn breath  
 (Lusty youth is no mean wrestler  
 In the close-locked grasp of death),  
 Only ear of love could gather  
 Murmured words from dying breath,  
 Soon to hush in that long slumber  
 Which God calls " His promised rest."

## (10)

" Ronald, thou wert ever strongest  
 Of us three, who left our home,  
 Far from bonnie Scotland's heather  
 In a foreign land to roam ;  
 Therefore carry home my message—  
 Nay now, weep not, be a man,  
 Loving hearts await its hearing  
 In our home in fair Stratha'on :

## (11)

" Tell my mother that she watches  
 For my coming home again,  
 In yon dear Ben-sheltered shieling  
 Where we parted, all in vain.  
 Ronald's smile will greet her welcome,  
 Duncan's coming make her glad,

But, though Colin be not with them,  
 She must not be therefore sad ;  
 Tell her that no open foeman  
 Made her boy disgrace his name,  
 Tell her skulking treason's weapon  
 May bring death, but never shame.

(12)

"Tell her that I died in honour,  
 And at peace with God and man"—  
 (Here he lisped his boyhood's prayer ;  
 Sunset oft suggests the dawn)—  
 "Tell her to be kind to Mary,  
 Bonny Mary of the Dee,  
 Whose fair face (God so has willed it)  
 I shall never live to see ;  
 Bear my blessing to the maiden  
 Had I lived I would have wed,  
 Plighted troth is for the living,  
 But kind memories for the dead ;  
 Tell her that her tokens moulder  
 In the grave where I repose,  
 Death's strong arm that reft my life  
 Could not dissever me from those.

(13)

"Kiss me Ronald, Duncan kiss me,  
 This is but a sad good-bye ;  
 But we'll meet, as mother told us,  
 In our Father's home on high.  
 What though I sleep beneath the pine  
 Instead of 'neath the Scottish birk,

My rest will be as sound as though  
 I lay by fair St. Michael's kirk.  
 You will think of me, I doubt not,  
 In our home near Ellan-no,  
 And, by and bye, in God's good time  
 We'll meet beyond yon sunset's glow."

## (14)

His voice was hushed, his limbs relaxed,  
 His eyes of deep and kindly blue  
 Were glazed, and o'er his ruddy cheek  
 There stole death's pallid, ashen hue ;  
 Simple the rites of burial were,  
 His blankets served him for a shroud,  
 The mourners, two young Highland lads,  
 O'er the simple hillock bowed.  
 At last, with slow, unwilling steps,  
 They took the eastward trending trail,  
 And years thereafter, in their home  
 In Scotland, told the mournful tale.



# A PARODY ON "THE MARCH OF THE CAMERON MEN."

[DEDICATED (WITHOUT PERMISSION) TO DR. C—N.]

There is a bold man of the Cameron Clan,  
 Who the claymore nor dirk he can wield,  
 Yet can flourish the gill stoup, and knows, to its  
                   power  
 E'en a Cameron's courage can yield.

## CHORUS.

I hear his shouts still sounding, sounding  
 Deep on the road by MacCoull,  
 For he's been to the inn and he's gotten a drappie,  
 And Cameron with whiskey is full.

And freely he drinks, for the Cameron knows  
 That when dead he can tipple no more,  
 Yet boldly he seeks the Loch Laggan hotel,  
 Where he often was welcome before.

I hear, etc.

The moon has arisen, she shines on the path  
 That leads where there's plenty of drink,  
 High, high are his hopes, for there's cash in his  
                   purse  
 And it cheers with its silvery chink.

I hear, etc.

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Yet Cameron is faithful and trusty and true,  
 As the blade to the hilt of the sword;  
 No stain of dishonesty darkens his name,  
 And he scorns to forfeit his word.

## CHORUS.

Yes, though his voice may be sounding, sounding,  
 Yet, while he's constant and true,  
 Let him who is faultless lay blame on the man  
 Who has failings so simple and few.

\* \* \*

The following four lines were written, impromptu,  
 on a beam near the ceiling of old Huntly Castle,  
 while he was on his way northward in the summer of  
 1870:—

Ruins tell in silent language  
 How the works of man decay,  
 Tell that no abiding dwelling  
 Can be formed by hands of clay.

\* \* \*

Mr. Wm. Bannerman, a college friend, having lent Rose his copy of "Bees of Great Britain," received it back with the following autograph inscription:—

EPITAPH ON W. BANNERMAN, ESQ.,  
"BEE-OLOGIST."

*Hic jacet* William Bannerman,  
Best known to us as B.,  
*Au fait* among the Vespidae  
And Aphidae was he.

A great B. 'mong the little bees,  
His shining hour has fled;  
He *waxed* too old, and in his *cell*  
He's numbered with the dead.

University, Aberdeen,  
14/6/73.

\* \* \*

One day during the lecture in Professor Bain's classroom, the Author picked up a fellow-student's note-book, and in a few minutes returned it with the following lines, struck off apparently without the least premeditation:—

What is mind? 'Tis no matter!  
What is matter? Never mind.

Said Bain to Davie one fine day,  
"Sure, you're as mad 's a hatter,  
When you despise the God-like mind  
And stick so close to matter.

One effort of my mighty mind  
Your arguments would scatter."  
But Davie<sup>1</sup> clenched his giant fist  
And conquered mind with matter.

Exit Bain,  
In agony of pain,  
Which he defined  
As *massive*<sup>2</sup> or *voluminous*.<sup>2</sup>




---

<sup>1</sup> David Thomson, Professor of Natural Philosophy in Aberdeen University, was a man of almost gigantic stature, so that among the students he was known by the sobriquet of "Lang Davie." Dr. Alexander Bain, Professor of Logic, and author of several works on Mental Philosophy was of diminutive, almost dwarfish, size, hence the allusions.

Words frequently used by Bain in his works on Mind.



## HA! HA! THE GRINDING O'T.

## STUDENT'S SONG.

\* Parody on Duncan Gray.

(1)

Duncan Gray cam' here to grind,  
     Ha, ha, the grinding o't!  
 Thinking to improve his mind,  
     Ha, ha, the grinding o't!  
 Full determined to explore  
 Ancient Greek and Latin lore,  
 Plus or minus, less or more,  
     Ha, ha, the grinding o't!

(2)

Full of hope the Bajan cam',  
     Ha, ha, the grinding o't!  
 His father's pet, his mother's lamb,  
     Ha, ha, the grinding o't!  
 Donned he then a scarlet gown,  
 The handiwork o' tailor Broun,  
 Thocht himsel' a dandy loon.  
     Ha, ha, the grinding o't!

. . . . .

---

\* The above is incomplete; we have, unfortunately, been unable to obtain the missing stanzas.

## (3)

Straightway he to Pegler's<sup>1</sup> hied,  
     Ha, ha, the grinding o't!  
 Big his head was swelled wi' pride,  
     Ha, ha, the grinding o't!  
 Roon him flock the Bajan clan,  
 Eagerly they press his han',  
 Then the roistering fun began.  
     Ha, ha, the grinding o't!

## (4)

Soon the glorious beer was brought,  
     Ha, ha, the grinding o't!  
 That was drunk and mair was sought,  
     Ha, ha, the grinding o't!  
 Soon the beer began to brew,  
 Soon the chiel got roaring fou,  
 Soon began to bok and spew,  
     Ha, ha, the grinding o't!




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<sup>1</sup> Pegler's Hotel, in the neighbourhood of the New Market, Aberdeen, was, in the sixties and seventies a great rendezvous of the students on sodality and sociality bent.

The following lines were written on the fly-leaf of  
 "Livy":—

Near Styx I saw Tantalus,  
 Round him was set  
 Abundance of water,  
 And at it to get  
 He earnestly tried;  
 But to quench his deep thirst  
 He was ne'er a bit nearer  
 At th' end than at first.  
 The water was plumping  
 Close up to his chin,  
 But for a' his endeavours  
 It wouldn't suck in.  
 There were apples, too, near him,  
 As red as a rose,  
 Lay tempting and juicy  
 Just under his nose;  
 But whene'er he played grip  
 At an apple or peach,  
 They went "Presto, Jack Robinson!"  
 Out of his reach.

There too I saw Sysiphus,  
 And up a steep brae  
 He was rowin' a muckle stane  
 Wi' grief an' wi' wae.

\* \* \*

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**Orkadian Poems.**

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\* R&  
conflic

# "DINNA TH'U GREET, MAMMY."

(An incident in connection with the recent melancholy boat accident at Evie, Orkney, 19th January, 1877.)

The hardy fishermen's boats go forth,  
 And they cheerily tug at the oar;  
 They must find from the angry sea of the North  
 The food for the bairns on shore;  
 "And what though the tide runs fast,  
 And the breakers foam in the way!  
 We must battle with these, who cast  
 Our nets and lines in the bay,  
 For the land on shore gives nought,  
 Or as little as well may be,  
 And the 'bairnies' bread' must be dearly bought  
 By the treasures we find in the sea."

In the early morn they launched the boat,  
 And it danced on the land-sea's swell,  
 And bravely they cheered, as "all afloat!"  
 They waved to the shore "farewell."  
 The tide ran fast, the billows broke,  
 There was foam to weather and lee,  
 But no one quailed; they were hearts of oak,  
 Though Orkney has never a tree.  
 They had played with the Röst\* from their  
 boyhood's days—  
 They knew all its moods and its angry flow—  
 "Ho! for the deep sea!" the steersman says,  
 "Over the billows like a bird she'll go."

---

\* Röst: Roset, a line of breakers formed from one headland to another by conflicting tides, which had to be crossed by fishermen setting out to sea.

But the Röst was rougher than wont that day,  
 And twice the good boat failed:  
 Thrice did her gallant crew essay  
 And into the deep sea sailed—  
 And *never came back!* for, at close of day  
 Their shrieks were heard on shore,  
 As they clung to the keel in the wild tideway  
 (The Röst was not to be baulked of its prey),  
 And they came to their homes no more.  
 No more! No more! 'tis an echoed word  
 From the dread eternity's shore:  
 Is the echo untrue? we thank Thee, Lord!  
*Thy* "For ever!" meets *our* "No more!"

Oh, sea! when I look at the orphaned crowd  
 That wail round the widowed knees,  
 I ask, "Why thunder thy billows so loud,  
 Since they waken such echoes as these?"  
 God knoweth what good shall thy raging bring,  
 But the mother's heart is sore;  
 I marvel it breaks not—the wee ones cling  
 Around her and moan, for each "peerie thing"\*  
 Has wept till it can no more.  
 "God help thee, mother! God comfort thee!  
 As never can words of mine,"  
 'Twas thus I prayed—God answered me  
 In a way—life Himself—divine.

From the clustered bairns was heard a voice,  
 And uplifted a childish head  
 (Would God we all had the faith of boys!)  
 And thus the little one said,  
 In the babbling tones we deem more sweet  
 Than the rarest minstrelsy:

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\* *Peerie*.—The Orkney term for *little*.

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"Mammy! dear mammy! oh, dinna th'u greet!  
 For I will be kind to thee."  
 Thank God! though the ocean's surging tones  
 A sorrowful tale had sung,  
 The "still small voice" that hushed her moans  
 Was lisped by her infant's tongue.



"NO MORE TREE."<sup>1</sup>

(A HYPER-ARBOREAN MELODY.)

(On postcard, addressed to Mrs. Stuart, Free Manse, St.  
 Andrew's Parish, Orkney, but never posted. 1879.)

There shall be no more tree, no foliage waving  
 Its leafy glories o'er the sunlit land,  
 But bare expanses, stormy billows laving  
 A shell-strewn, rocky strand.

And angry waves shape many a cavern hoary  
 In cliffs that echo their majestic roar,  
 To shelter "selkies,"<sup>2</sup> theme of many a story  
 Treasured in old folk-lore.

The loud-voiced Röst breaks there in tones of thunder,  
 Where wild conflicting tides their congress hold,  
 A scene of mingled awe, and fear and wonder,  
 To timid and to bold.

<sup>1</sup> A post-card containing the foregoing verses in the author's handwriting, was found after his departure by his brother on the floor of the manse. It would seem that Mrs. Stuart, F. C. Manse, Kirkwall, had taken exception to the words in the preceding poem—*Though Orkney has never a tree*—and that the above was meant to be a reply.

<sup>2</sup> *Selkies*.—Orkadian name for seals.



Never a grain of oat or bere but bending  
 Under the beat of "Boreas'" ruthless flail,  
 Threatens to man, on these so much depending,  
 "No more" of "cakes and ale."

'Neath whispering leaves no listening children gather  
 To mask their voices—but at "ebb" for "spouts"<sup>3</sup>  
 They crowd in troops, whatever be the weather,  
 With childhood's cheery shouts.

There shall be no more tree, no birds' nests, drawing  
 The truant boy from school, to climb and tear  
 His well-worn breeks (besides the risk of fa'ing),  
 They are his only pair.

In that bare land, across whose stormy ferry  
 Nor bush nor stunted bramble well can be,  
 Vext by all tempests beating on its skerry,  
 There can be no more tree.



### LIFE'S LESSON.

(IN MEMORIAM, A. MCG., TOMANTOUL.)

(1)

I stood by the grave of my friend,  
 As men who survive men must,  
 And I learned the Lesson of Living  
 From the clay-wrapt dust.

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<sup>3</sup> *Spouts*.—A long narrow shellfish found on the sands of the Orkadian shores, much sought after by children.

## (2)

Hollow the sound of the spadefuls,  
 Careless whose dust he might tread,  
 The sexton, who honoured the living,  
 Dishonoured the dead.

## (3)

Many dry eyes were around us,  
 Round me my grief and the dead,  
 The sun shone, although it was winter,  
 'Twas spring overhead.

## (4)

How little to earth and to sky  
 The stilling of one true heart,  
 Yet to me how deep in their meaning  
 The words, "Thus we part!"

## (5)

No more the true grasp of the hand,  
 Or accents of love from the lips—  
 Has thy sun set for ever? Oh, no!  
 It but suffers eclipse.

## (6)

Thank God that the risen Christ claims,  
 When His own good time has come,  
 Earth's death-reaped fruit, when the Autumn  
 brings  
 His glorious harvest home.

## WHERE AM I?

(1)

Where am I? Clouds obscure my viewless way,  
 I grapple phantoms, strive in vain to pray,  
 The words, the thoughts are choked, like swimmer's  
     breath  
 That wrestles in the close embrace of death.

(2)

Where am I? Nay, what am I? Who shall say?  
 'Tis dark around me, who shall bring the day?  
 Oh! brilliant intellect! where now thy light?  
 A feeble gleam scarce glimmering in the night.

(3)

Where shall I seek for comfort? Where for peace?  
 To wise men, such as those who tutored Greece,  
 Ere Paul on Mars Hill stood and spoke of One—  
 A God, though dreamt of, yet a God unknown?

(4)

Nay, not to groping, purblind, bookish sage  
 I go for solace; in the infant age  
 Of Earth's exploring, men had just the dreams  
 That men dream now—"All is but what it seems."

(5)

No! all unworthy God's Creation plan,  
 If that were true! How poor a creature man!  
 If he no higher lot were doomed to share  
 Than that of beast of earth, or fowl of air.

## (6)

Higher and nearer God my soul must strive,  
 From purer atmosphere its life derive  
 Than girds the earth! Oh! where the pathway?  
 Where?

Where God and man meet? There, most fitly, there!

## (7)

His name Emmanuel! He, that is "The Way"  
 By which God's Israel reach the "living day,"  
 I seek, I see Him in Gethsemane,  
 And trace His footprints thence to Calvary.

## (8)

I feel, I know that sin can slay no more  
 The man whose burden He, the sinless, bore;  
 Why did He weep and groan and agonise,  
 Unless as God's accepted sacrifice?

## (9)

Where am I? At the foot of Jesus' Cross?  
 For His pure gold I barter all my dross,  
 My sins on Him, His righteousness on me,  
 Heaven seals the contract for eternity.

## (10)

Where shall I be, when this poor fleeting breath  
 Forsakes my body, and I yield to death?  
 Where? Lord! what matters it? on land or sea,  
 If I am thine, I shall be found of Thee?

## A PRAYER.

(1)

Heavenly Father! we draw near,  
 Sinful, worthless though we be;  
 Helper of the helpless, hear!  
 We would raise our hearts to Thee.

(2)

Tossed and torn by doubts and fears,  
 Comfort, aid nor refuge nigh,  
 Oh! regard Thy creatures' tears,  
 Hear, oh! hear the sinner's cry!

(3)

Israel's Shepherd! Joseph's Guide!  
 Thou! Whom wind and waves obey,  
 Calm our passions and abide  
 Ever near us as our stay.

(4)

Stubborn will and stony heart  
 Thou canst soften and subdue;  
 Nature warped by Satan's art  
 Thou in mercy will renew.

(5)

Slaves in bondage sold to sin,  
 Oh! Redeemer, set us free!  
 Outcasts are we, bring us in  
 To Thy fold's security!

(6)

Jesus' name alone we plead—  
 Thou wilt not reject the plea—  
 Who in death enriched our need  
 On the Cross of Calvary.

## OOR KAIL-YAIRD.

(1)

There grew a routh o' cabbages  
 In oor kail-yaird,  
 An' rich an' juicy were their hearts  
 In oor kail-yaird.  
 Oor auld guid wife took tent o' them,  
 She held them in regaird,  
 An' ne'er a beast wan ower the dyke  
 In oor kail-yaird.

(2)

She took a vow, I surely think,  
 That if she should be spared,  
 She'd raise sic kail as ne'er was seen  
 In oor kail-yaird.  
 But, oh! "the schemes o' mice an' men"  
 Are apt to be misleard;  
 A waefu' fate o'ertook the crap  
 In oor kail-yaird.

(3)

The parson o' oor pairish cam'  
 Nicht-prowling like a caird,  
 An' left his horse to browse at lairge  
 In oor kail-yaird.  
 The poor auld body's heart grew sair,  
 Struck dumb she stood and stared,  
 While Dobbin munched the cabbages  
 In oor kail-yaird.

(4)

She thocht to try the plea at law,  
 Or else to tell the laird,  
 But that wad no' restore the kail  
 To her kail-yaird.  
 She's heard at last about a fund  
 Bequeathed by Jamie Baird,  
 And wants to ken if it wad pay  
 For her kail-yaird.

NOTE.—A certain worthy parson of Orkney was in the habit of returning home, late at night, from visiting his professional brethren. On one of these occasions, he allowed his horse to get into the kailyard of a poor neighbour, to the destruction of the good woman's cabbages. This incident gave rise to the foregoing humorous verses.

\* \* \*

## WILL YE NO' COME BACK AGAIN?<sup>1</sup>

David J——n's Version.

To be sung *Moderate*.

Dedicated (without permission) to the Free Kirk (soi disant).

CHORUS.

Will ye no' come back again?  
 Will ye no' come back again?  
 Better wooed ye canna be,  
 Will ye no' come back again?

---

<sup>1</sup> On the abolition of patronage in the Church of Scotland an appeal was made to the Free, U. P. and other dissenting Churches to return back to the folds of the Mother Church, which appeal, however, was made in vain.

## (1)

"Nons" o' laigh and high degree,  
 Hear the winning *silvery* strain,  
 O sae fain as we wad be,  
 Wad ye *but* come back again.  
 Will ye no', etc.

## (2)

Egypt's pots shall make you glad,  
 And you'll never feel the chain,  
 Pharaoh's no' so black's he's ca'd;  
 Will ye no' come back again?  
 Will ye no', etc.

## (3)

Manna!<sup>2</sup> what can manna be?  
 We have asked, and asked in vain;  
 Why! we never saw't. Did ye?  
 Leave it—and come back again.  
 Will ye no', etc.

## (4)

Moses (Chalmers) led ye wrang,  
 To a poor and parchèd plain;  
 Leave rock-water by the Nile,  
 Hie ye, haste ye back again.  
 Will ye no', etc.

## (5)

Phineas (Candlish) filled the breach,  
 But no' the pouch—ye got no gain,  
 Baird will welcome and enrich,  
 Will ye no' come back again?

---

<sup>2</sup> Manna was to the Israelites what spiritual independence is to Moderates  
 —a puzzle—and they ask "What is it?"



## CHORUS.

Will ye no' come back again?  
 Will ye no' come back again?  
 Johnson's heart will br'ak in twa,  
 Should ye no' come back again.



## THE BIRSAY CATECHISM.

AIR.—“When ye gang awa', Jamie.”

- D.* When ye gang awa', Jerrie!  
 Far beyond the Dee, laddie!  
 When ye gang to Gartsherrie,  
 What will ye bring to me, laddie?
- J.* I'll bring ye a pairish kirk, Dannie!  
 I'll bring ye a pairish kirk, mannie!  
 And ye shall be in Birsay placed  
 Wi' unco little work, mannie!
- D.* That'll be nae gift ava, Jerrie!  
 That'll be nae gift ava, laddie!  
 'Tis only sax score pounds in a',  
 'Tis but a steepin' sma', laddie!
- J.* Gartsherrie's mines are deep, Dannie!  
 Gartsherrie's purse is lang, mannie!  
 An' gouden draps that purse shall dreep,  
 Gin ye will come alang, mannie!

D. I'd like to ken the screw, Jerrie!  
 Ye ha'ena aye been true, laddie!  
 Your words are big—your bow is lang,  
 I hae me doots o' you, laddie!

J. Ye're no sae blate, I see, Dannie!  
 Ye're no sae daft, I see, mannie!  
 Until they mak' it worth your while,  
 Ye'll no pervert like me, mannie!

NOTE.—The reference to Gartsherrie is on account of the gift of half a million pounds to the Established Church of Scotland, by James Baird, Esq., of Gartsherrie Ironworks, &c.



## THE FOE AT THE WALLS: A MODERN BALLAD IN THREE FYTTES.

### FYTTE THE FIRST.

To all who love the Church's weal,  
 And wish dissenters woe,  
 Who would "Auld Zion's" breaches mend,  
 And smite her every foe--  
 To "Brothers of the Flesh Pots" staunch  
 I chant a doleful stave,  
 To beg you'll lend a helping hand  
 Our Zion's walls to save!  
 For oh! the burden of my song  
 (A dreary one I wot),  
 Is that the Free Kirk has made free  
 With that neglected spot,  
 Which spot we thought not worth our while  
 To make much fuss about;

For why? as long as folks were quiet,  
 The thing was right—no doubt;  
 But these land-loupers came and sowed  
 Dissension in our flocks,  
 And talked of “stipend-lifting drones,  
 State chains and fetter-locks,”  
 Till, spire of Johnston’s sawder soft  
 And Keillor’s earnest work,  
 By all that’s impudent! they now  
 Are going to build a kirk.

FYTTE THE SECOND.

Scene—The Bishop’s Palace in Harray. Time—12 p.m.  
 (His reverence loquitur.)

The night is one of cloud and storm,  
 The wind is piping high—  
 What sound was that which broke my snooze,  
 A most lugubrious cry?  
 It sounded like my brother’s voice,  
 The giant-Keillor—he  
 Who won in Walls, what seeks he here?  
 What can the matter be?  
 For no slight cause would Keillor groan,  
 Yet—there again he cries,  
 Like Christmas goose that fears the spit,  
 Or urchin whipt for lies:  
 Rise up! rise up! my Sacristan!  
 And ope the door for him;  
 I vow ’tis hard to leave my bed  
 For every brother’s whim!  
 ’Twas John, indeed, that David saw,  
 And in a woeful guise,

With water dripping from his dress,  
 And trickling from his eyes.  
 He shook and shivered, groaned and wept,  
 And spoke not for a space,  
 But pensive chafed (he'd caught a cold)  
 The handle of his face.  
 And when at last he found his voice,  
 With many a long-drawn breath,  
 He said, "Be witness, if I die,  
 The Free Kirk's caused my death!  
 'Tis she that forced me out this night;  
 She might have let me be,  
 As your parishioners do the crabs,  
 She'd no been fashed by me;  
 But she's encroaching on my ground,  
 And that, I'm sure's a sin;  
 Came Stuart first and Omand next,  
 She'll win through thick and thin.  
 You know how sweetly we got on,  
 We managed braw and canny,  
 But these came first—John Adam next,  
 With him the Laird of Swanney;  
 And ever since I've had no peace,  
 My people! I shall lose them,  
 And so I came, despite the rain,  
 To weep upon your bosom.  
 Come, 'Champion of the hatless head,'  
 Thy winning tongue and eye  
 Will blink the folk, and—for the 'nons,'  
 You'll smite them hip and thigh!"  
 Douce Davie smiled—for flattery's sweet  
 To parish-priest or sinner—  
 "I'd do that, John," said he, "so soon  
 As I would eat my dinner;

That Kirk shall ne'er be built in Walls,  
 See! there's my hand upon it,  
 Or else—upon my head may I  
 For ever wear a bonnet."

### FYTTE THE THIRD.

I'm loth to tell what next befell  
 When David went to Walls,  
 Yet must I speak—the truth will out—  
 The Church's safety calls,  
 His winning words went quite for nought,  
 The people all fought shy,  
 Although he glibly quoted texts  
 And heaved an unctuous sigh.  
 They were not to be caught, it seems,  
 And words and sighs did fail  
 To make them (like the Birsay folks),  
 Run hooping at his tail.  
 He found 'twas useless quite to try,  
 And he was heard to say,  
 "I did not think them so depraved,  
 As they have proved this day.  
 That Stuart! would I had him here!  
 And yet he is so strong—  
 It might go hard with you or me,  
 Although he's in the wrong.  
 South Ronaldshay and Westray both  
 Have heard his siren voice;  
 And now 'tis echoing out in Walls,  
 And makes our foes rejoice.  
 Ah! Keillor friend! alas! alas!  
 I can no more!" said he,  
 "'Tis breadth prevails—no length avails—

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They're fated to be free!  
 And then it comes that I appeal  
 To all the powers that be,  
 To stay the building of that Kirk  
 As quickly as may be.  
 Oh! mighty Phin! oh! shade of Baird!  
 (Whom Cumming made a saint),  
 Move earth and heaven, and so remove  
 The cause of my complaint!  
 If Kirks are built they may be razed  
 By all-prevailing 'siller,'  
 If not, why! Keillor's sure to die,  
 And Stuart is his killer."

NOTES.—The occasion of this poem was the building of a Free Church at Walls, Hoy. Up to that time there had been no Free Church in the Island. Mr. Keillor, the Minister of Walls, is disturbed, and applies to Dr. David Johnstone, Minister of Birsay and Harray (afterwards Professor Johnstone, Aberdeen). One of the many peculiarities of that worthy man, was his aversion to headgear. This explains the reference—"Champion of the hatless head," etc.

The other characters mentioned are the late Mr. Stuart, F.C. Minister, Kirkwall; Rev. W. Omand, late of Orphir (now of Nitshill); the late Dr. J. Adam, Glasgow, Secretary of the Free Church Home Missions, and the late Mr. Brochie, Laird of Swanney, Birsay.

\* \* \*

The following is an extract from the Visitors' Book of Mrs. Scott, Mason's Arms, Stromness, Orkney. As will be seen, the first entry was made by the late Professor Blackie, the second by the Rev. A. Macgregor Rose, Free Church, Evie, Orkney.

["Would you in Orkney share a happy lot?  
Lodge at the Mason's Arms with Mrs. Scott,  
Queen of all British landladies is she  
From the South Channel to the northmost sea.  
For cleanness, kindness, comfort, you will find  
No Inn like this, I speak my sober mind.

—JOHN STUART BLACKIE."]

Pray, Blackie! when are we to hear your last?  
Half-Greek, half-Celt, whole-cracked enthusiast!  
When shall thy crazy fiddle sound its latest strum?  
Thy vagrant foot be still, thy tongue be dumb?  
Yet most erratic of the genus man,  
We owe thee hearty thanks—who will but scan  
Thy lubrications with a searching eye,  
Will golden grains of thought therein descry—  
A hare-brained son of genius still must show  
Gleams that the grovelling brain can never know,  
And vintage gleaned beneath the comet's glare  
Gives wine of bouquet richer and more rare  
Than that which boasts the staidest planet's care.

—A. MACGREGOR ROSE.

Free Church Manse,  
Evie, Orkney.

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the  
sta

"Great minds run in the same groove."—*Goldsmith*.

## TO HIS PIPE.

By W. T. DENNISON, Esq., Isle of Sanday.

O darling pipe, my heart's delight!  
 Dear pipe of "sea-foam"! when alight  
 Thou shedst a halo "blue and bright"  
 Around my visage, on my sight  
 Break visions of ethereal light,  
 Smooth amber-tipp'd "Chief Justice" hight!  
 Thy black's so black—thy white's so white!

The long-stemmed clay my lips have tried,  
 Through which the fumes so coolly glide,  
 The Turk's chibouque, the Pasha's pride,  
 Narghili smoked by houri's side,  
 Cheeroots, Havannahs, Cubas dried,  
 And many a doubtful weed beside;  
 But none of these I could abide.

Oh, never did there greet my sight  
 A pipe like thee! thou suit'st me quite!  
 Could I in worthy verse indite  
 Thy charms, 'twould take a month to write  
 The chronicle of my delight  
 In thee, O stem of magic might!  
 Thy black's so black—thy white's so white!

NOTE.—The above was written on a scrap album of Mr. Dennison's. On the opposite page was copied—"To his Room," by A. Tennyson, Isle of Wight. As will be observed, there is a play upon the names, and doubtless this circumstance suggested the verses.





**American Poems.**



## CANADA TO KIPLING.

(1)

Miss Canada wrote unto Kipling,  
 That plain-speaking, swaggering blade,  
 Who shouts of the Motherland's glory,  
 And this was about what she said:  
 "Friend Rudyard, that ode was all right;  
 But why throw a slur on my snows?  
 I prefer the North Wind to the punkahs of Ind,  
 And—I am the lady that knows.

(2)

"You raised a commotion—a racket,  
 A word-flinging, ink-slinging war,  
 For great Mr. Davin—he howled in the 'House,'  
 And small Silas Wegg, in the 'Star';  
 While I can't say that I was annoyed,  
 Yet the ruction disturbed my repose,  
 I took to that 'snow' as kindly as though  
 You had called me 'The Lady that Glows.'

(3)

"And I don't have to wait for monsoons  
 To moisten my rice-fields to ooze,  
 My summer sun ripens my grain,  
 And my winter is—death to the 'blues,'  
 My grand prairie realm in the West  
 A glorious great granary shows,  
 And the finest of wheat that no country can beat,  
 It is I am the Lady that grows.

(4)

"I am young, it is true, and a damsel  
 Who is not yet arrived at her strength,  
 But I'm growing—if slowly—and seeing  
 My breadth keep the pace with ray length.

To be sure 'tis a fact, as you say,  
 That I have quite a number of foes,  
 But to them, my dear Kip. ! a stiff upper lip  
 It is I am the Lady that shows.

(5)

"Sometimes they're aggressive, but then  
 They're only a lip-valiant lot;  
 They bluff, but you bet they don't risk  
 Being captured, or punctured, or shot.  
 I heed not their Senators' threats,  
 Or mind what their Jingoese propose,  
 My tongue I won't wag in vibrations of brag,  
 But—they know I'm a Lady of blows.

(6)

"If you meant to imply in that poem—  
 Some say you intended to scoff—  
 That warmth is not found in my bosom,  
 Mr. K., you're decidedly *off*!  
 I've a heart that can feel, a hand that can help.  
 And an ear for all suffering's woes,  
 From my plenty to feed all the children of need,  
 I'm a Lady that freely bestows.

(7)

"Now, Rudyard! I don't for a moment  
 Believe that you really can  
 Have meant to be rude in your rhyming--  
 You aren't that kind of a man.  
 I'm sure that you're fully aware  
 That beneath my white mantle of snows,  
 Leal heart, ready hand for the dear Motherland  
 I'm ever the Lady who shows."

## SIR WILFRID LAURIER—DIPLOMATIST.

(1)

I live on Canada en Bas—  
 De fines' lan' you see—  
 An' Oncle Sam, a fr'en of mine,  
 He live nex' door to me.

(2)

Now, long tam' Sam an' me mak' trade,  
 W'enever that we meet,  
 An' Sam, he drive de bargain hard,  
 Sometime bigarre! he sheat.

(3)

I not say mooch about it, me,  
 I never t'ink no harm  
 Before I fin' mon Oncle Sam  
 He wan' my little farm.

(4)

An' w'en I not to heem will give  
 De lan' my fader hown,  
 Den Sam get mad an' say to me,  
 "I'll play my hand alone.

(5)

You kip away; I not will trade,  
 Don' come my place about!"  
 Ah! den I see hees leetle game  
 Was w'at you call "freeze-hout."

(6)

Mais, I can stan' de fros', for hice  
 To me is not'ing new ;  
 Sir John mak' freeze agains' de Yanks—  
 See if dey lak' it, too.

(7)

But w'en Sir John t'row up his han'  
 An' die, 'twas change indeed ;  
 No par'ner lef' could follow up  
 De fin' ole chieftain's lead.

(8)

An' de Canadian peup' was tire,  
 For dey was not mooch please  
 For pay big price for jus' to nurse  
 Les enfants industries.

(9)

Dey say, " We wan' to buy our t'ing  
 On some mooch sheaper shop,  
 Dose enfants industries are sure  
 Long tam' for growing hup."

(10)

For eighteen year dey pull l'argent  
 From bottom of de purse,  
 We t'ink it ees long tam' enough  
 For dem to be on nurse.

.(11)

Den Tories try for bargain mak'  
 To trade wit' Sam again,  
 But was shok off as soon dey spik'  
 By Monsieur Jacques G. Blaine.

(12)

He say, "My frien's, before we will  
Wit you reciprocate,  
You mus' agains' ole England mak'  
One sharp discriminate."

(13)

Dat took dem Tory breat' away,  
Dey drop de bees'ness den,  
No more dey go on Washington  
Nor write dere wit' de pen.

(14)

By'mbye last year, our Canada  
T'en she know w'at she wants,  
An' wit' her toe, de mont' of June,  
She kick de Tory pants.

(15)

She sen' for Laurier, an' at once  
Immediately he comes,  
She say, "Instead of one boule-dogue  
I'll have one gentilhomme."

(16)

Sir Wilfrid, soon he tak' de chair,  
An' dis he plainly state:  
"For Anglan'—not agains' her—I  
Will mak' discriminate.

(17)

"If Oncle Sam, from out his lan'  
Will keep Canadian men,  
We'll do de sam' to Yankee, too—  
An' w'at will he do den?



(18)

"We'll play de game all sam' lak' heem,  
 An' mak' wan alien law,  
 An' more, bigarre! we'll hear him squeal  
 When he ees 'hors de bois.'"

(19)

Den Oncle Sam, he scratch hees head  
 An' say, "Dat's quit' enuff,  
 I see Sir Wilfrid Laurier's vat  
 You might call 'up on snuff!'"

(20)

So w'en Sir Wilfrid go to talk  
 'Bout dem Pacific seal,  
 Mon Oncle Sam tak' heem one side,  
 An' mak' some smoot' appeal.

(21)

"I lak' Canadian, yes, for sure,  
 I wan' for be your frien'."  
 "We lak' you, too," Sir Wilfrid say,  
 But only now an' den;

(22)

"For we'en you kick Canadian hout,  
 An' tink to mak' a fuss  
 Agains' de Mother Lan', we say—  
 'You cannot bully us.'"

(23)

"Jes so," say Sam, "we mak' hall right,  
 We tak' de whole dat pack,  
 Wit' me an' you an' Anglan' too,  
 It mus' be give an' tak'."

(24)

"Correc'," Sir Wilfrid rise an' say,  
 Den Sam an' he shak' hands,  
 To live no more lak' chat et chien,  
 But lak' les bons voisins.

(25)

Den Wilfrid, he come home again,  
 An' t'ings go well partout,  
 De markets rise, de trade increase—  
 Prosperitie renew.

## L'ENVOY.

(26)

I t'ink for dis Canadian lan'  
 For mak' it t'rive an' grow,  
 De bes' ees Wilfrid Laurier's smile,  
 De wors' de Tupper blow.

\* \* \*

## TOUR ABROAD OF WILFRID THE GREAT.

(From the "Montreal Herald," 12th July, 1897.)

By JEAN BAPTISTE TRUDEAU.

(1)

W'en Queen Victoria calls her peup's  
 For mak' some Jubilee,  
 She sen' for men from all de worl'—  
 And from her colonie.

(2)

But mos' of all, she sen' dis word  
 To dis Canadian shore,  
 "If Wilfrid Laurier do not come,  
 I will be glad no more."

(3)

Den Wilfrid not hard-hearted, he  
 Lif' w'at you call de hat,  
 An' say, "Ma reine, you mus' not fret,  
 For little t'ing lak' dat."

(4)

"To Londres, on de day in June  
 You mention, I will come,  
 And show you w'at is lak' de French-  
 Canadian gentilhomme."

(5)

So Wilfrid sailed across de sea,  
 An' Queen Victoria met,  
 An' w'en she's see him, ah! she is  
 Jus' tickle half to deat'!

(6)

An' w'en he's kneel, as etiquette  
 Demand, for be correc',  
 She tak' a sword into her han'  
 An' hit him on de neck.

(7)

An' w'en she do, she smile on him,  
 An' dese de words she say:  
 "Rise up, my true Canadian Knight---  
 Sir Wilfrid Laurier!"

(8)

"An' on dose grand Imperial plans  
Which I have now in view,  
For guidance, counsel, an' advice  
I'll always look to you."

(9)

Den Wilfrid kiss de Royal han',  
An' back off on de door,  
An' bow as only Frenchman can,  
An' smile an' bow some more.

(10)

Nex' day, it was a glorious sight,  
At half-pas' twelve o'clock,  
To see Sir Wilfrid ride in state,  
An' in chapeau de coque.

(11)

Lords Solsby, Roberts, and Cecil Rhodes,  
An' Chamberlain an' dose  
Were w'at you call "not in it," for  
Sir Wilfrid was de boss.

(12)

Oui, certainement, excep' de Queen  
Herself dat glorious day,  
De greates' man on Angleterre  
Was Wilfrid Laurier.

## VISITS PARIS.

(13)

Sir Wilfrid cross de Channel den,  
Mak' visit La Patrie,  
An' mak' fine speeches two or three  
In de city of Paree.

(14)

An' shak' de han', an' drink de vin  
 Mit Faure de Presiden',  
 An' show him what de kin' of man  
 Dis contrie represen'.

(15)

An' w'en Sir Wilfrid's voice dey hear,  
 An' his fine shape dey see,  
 De men of France was hall surprise,  
 De ladies hall epris.

(16)

Den Monsieur Faure he rise an say,  
 "Sir Wilfrid Laurier,  
 In de Legion d'Honneur you are  
 Un grand officier."

(17)

An' to Sir Wilfrid, front dem hall,  
 He mak' some fine address,  
 An' den de ribbon wit' de star  
 He pin upon his breas'.

(18)

En bref, our Wilfrid capture France,  
 He's capture Anglan', too;  
 I t'ink he will annex dem both  
 To Canada—don' you?

#### SIR WILFRID'S RETURN.

(19)

Sir Wilfrid, tired of Jubilee  
 An' glorie an' eclat,  
 He says, "Dese contrie dey ees not  
 Lak' my own Canada.

(20)

"I wan' my own dear lan' for see  
 An' de St. Laurent gran',  
 An' hear again de French he spik  
 Mon bonhomme habitan!"

(21)

Den to the Queen an' Monsieur Faure  
 Hees "au revoirs" he say,  
 "I mus' go back on ole Kebec,  
 An' Mo'real dis day.

(22)

"An' I mus go an help toujours,  
 Lor' Aberdeen mak' law,  
 An' keep dem Tory boodler from  
 De safe in Ottawa.

(23)

"An' help Sir Olivair, Sir Deek  
 An' Tarte mak' politique,  
 An' keep Sir Tuppair an' hees gang  
 From play some crooked trique."

(24)

So, on de "Labrador" he sail,  
 On Canada he come,  
 We hall be glad his face to see,  
 An' he ees glad be home.

(25)

An' hall de Angleesh, Ireesh, Franch  
 'Roun' hees triomphan' car,  
 Say, "Bienvenu! Come, spok to us  
 Upon de Champ de Mars."

(26)

Sir Wilfrid tole us dat he drink  
 Dose vins mit' Monsieur Faure,  
 An' dine on Windsor—so he tole  
 Us on de Champ de Mars.

(27)

Den hall de peup' dey mak' big cheer,  
 De cannon dey mak' shoot,  
 We hall be on one grand hoorau,  
 De steamboats on a toot.

(28)

So we hall sing, "God bless de Queen!  
 An' Monsieur Faure, alway!  
 Because dey treat all same lak' prince,  
 Our Wilfrid Laurier."

\* \* \*

"KAISER AND CO."; OR, "HOCH DER  
 KAISER."

Being Wilhelm der Grosser's estimate of himself and  
 partner, translated from the original Hoch-deutsch.

(1)

Der Kaiser auf der Vaterland  
 Und Gott on high all dings gommand,  
 Ve two! Ach! don'd you understand?  
 Meinself—und Gott.

(2)

He reigns in Heafen, und always shall,  
 Und mein own Embire don'd vas small;  
 Ein noble bair, I dink you call  
 Meinself—und Gott.

(3)

While some men sing der power divine,  
 Mein soldiers sing der "Wacht am Rhein,"  
 Und drink der healt in Rhenish wein,  
 Auf Me—und Gott.

(4)

Dere's France dot swaggers all aroundt,  
 She's ausgespielt—she's no aggroundt,  
 To mooch ve dinks she don't amoundt:  
 Meinself—und Gott.

(5)

She vill not dare to fight again,  
 But if she should, I'll show her blain  
 Dot Elsass und (in French) Lorraine  
 Are Mein—und Gott's.

(6)

Von Bismarck was a man auf might.  
 Und dought he vas glean oud auf sight,  
 But ach! he vas nicht goot to fight  
 Mit Me—und Gott.

(7)

Ve knock him like ein man auf sdraw,  
 Ve let him know whose vill vas law,  
 Und dot ve don'd vould sandt his jaw,  
 Meinself—und Gott.



(8)

Ve send him oudt in big disgrace,  
 Ve gif him insultd to his face,  
 Und put Caprivi in his place,  
 Meinsel—und Gott.

(9)

Und ven Caprivi get svelled headt,  
 Ve very brombtly on him set,  
 Und toldt him to get up and get—  
 Meinsel—und Gott.

(10)

Dere's Grandma dinks she's nicht shmaller beer,  
 Mit Boers und dings she interfere;  
 She'll learn none runs dis hemisphere  
 But Me—und Gott.

(11)

She dinks, goot frau, some ships she's got,  
 Und soldiers mit der sgarlet coat,  
 Ach! ve could knock dem—pouf! like dot,  
 Meinsel—und Gott.

(12)

Dey say dat badly fooled I vas  
 At Betersburg by Nicholas,  
 Und dat I act shust like ein ass  
 Und dupe, Herr Gott.

(13)

Vell, maybe yah und maybe nein,  
 Und maybe Czar mit France gombine  
 To take dem lands about der Rhein  
 From Me—und Gott.

(14)

But dey may try dot leedle game,  
 Und make der breaks ; but all der same,  
 Dey only vill increase der fame  
 Auf Me—und Gott.

(15)

In dimes auf beace, bréared for wars  
 I bear der helm and sbear auf Mars,  
 Und care nicht for ten dousand Czars,  
 Meinselself—und Gott.

(16)

In short, I humour efery whim,  
 Mit aspect dark and visage grim,  
 Gott pulls mit me und I mit Him—  
 Meinselself—und Gott.

\* \* \*

### SIR SAWBONES SCUPPER, BART.

A character sketch of an extinguished statesman, by the  
 Author of the "Unmakers of Canada."

(1)

In early days he rolled the pill and mixed the sab'le  
 draught,  
 Until he grew, in course of years, an expert in the  
 craft ;  
 But he was merely then a "Doc." in Æsculapian art,  
 He had not risen to be styled "Sir Sawbones Scupper,  
 Bart."

K

(2)

But when he entered politics, an M.L.A. he grew,  
 And helped to legislate for men with nasal organs  
 blue,  
 Till "Old To-morrow" undertook to give the man  
 a start,  
 Then step by step he rose to be—"Sir Sawbones  
 Scupper, Bart."

(3)

While "Old To-morrow" lived to hold the rudder of  
 the State,  
 He kept "Sir Sawbones'" gait—not quite—but very  
 nearly straight;  
 He curbed his tongue, but could not purge his atra-  
 bilious heart,  
 Still, sort of half-way decent then was "Sawbones  
 Scupper, Bart."

(4)

Now, he and "Old To-morrow" both, went "just a  
 thocht ajee"  
 In the great specific scandal job—whatever that  
 might be—  
 Still, somehow out of that they squirmed by diplo-  
 matic art,  
 And not a stain, they say, remained on "Sawbones  
 Scupper, Bart."

(5)

'Tis said that when good fortune comes, it always  
 comes in showers,  
 So Scupper rose to represent "this Canada of ours"  
 In that big village on the Thames, the world's com-  
 mercial mart,  
 And then right up the scale to "G" went "Sawbones  
 Scupper, Bart."

(6)

From all that I have said, you'll judge that he was  
no man's fool—

"To go for everything in sight" he made his golden  
rule;

For he was sharp—yet sharpeners oft when they've  
become too smart,

Have cut themselves—and so did he, "Sir Sawbones  
Scupper, Bart."

(7)

He wanted to do something more than just a "barrow-  
nite";

He thought he'd fix it, so he'd have a barony in sight;

He got made Premier, when upset was Bowell's  
"Apple-cart,"

And cocksure of a Peerage then was "Sawbones  
Scupper, Bart."

(8)

But ah! "the best laid schemes o' mice," we know  
the adage true,

"Gang aft agley," and so do schemes of politicians,  
too;

The twenty-third of June one year his glory did depart,

The people's toe impinged the pants of "Sawbones  
Scupper, Bart."

(9)

But still he clung to leadership, he never would  
resign;

"The history of Canada's identical with mine,

I was confederation's 'whole' and not at all a 'part.'"

So bragged the vain, conceited tongue of "Sawbones  
Scupper, Bart."

(10)

In less than two years after was this would-be Cæsar  
 slain  
 By Cassius Foster, lean and lank, and Brutus "Bill"  
 Maclean;  
 While Casca Wallace did not fail to plant in him his  
 dart,  
 And very thoroughy do up "Sir Sawbones Scupper,  
 Bart."

(11)

Now he's politically dead, write R.I.P. upon his  
 tomb,  
 And write down "OLD" before the word, that is, if  
 you have room;  
 The legend will describe the man at finish as at  
 start,  
 For that was what he always was, "Sir Sawbones  
 Scupper, Bart."

\* \* \*

### CONCERNING CARMAN.

(With Apologies to Principal Grant.)

"*Carmen acerrimum cano*" Duns Scotus.

(1)

Hech, sirs! what skreichin' an' misca'in,  
 What scoldin', growlin', windy blawin',  
 An' blether-haiverin', stormin', jawin'  
 Ma heid's come onto!  
 That Carman carle ma name's been chawin',  
 In "guid" Toronto.

## (2)

Ma certie! but the man's no blate  
 Tae kaim ma pow at sic a rate,  
 An' hint aboot my futur' fate  
     Ower yon lake's brink,  
 You'd think the cratur' had a spate  
     Himsel' o' drink.

## (3)

This Carman chiel tae lay's nae slack  
 His "cat-o'-nine-tails" on my back,  
 An' pech an' groan at ilka whack—  
     The cankert body—  
 Because I say laws canna mak'  
     Folk swear aff toddy.

## (4)

I'm maistly sure the mannie's crackt,  
 His harpin canna' be intact,  
 For me! I stated but the fact—  
     'Twas all I meant—  
 Sobriety's nae made by Act  
     O' Parliament.

## (5)

Forbye! at yon festivity  
 At Cana, down in Galilee,  
 The maister didna' spoil their glee,  
     That I'm aware,  
 Though there were aiblins twa or three  
     Apostles there.

(6)

The carle's clean daft tae wage sic war,  
 You'd think nae meenister would daur  
 Tae fling anither doon the scaur  
     Tae black perdeetion,  
 Oor Lord Himsel', gaed no sae far  
     As prohibeetion.

(7)

Frien' Carman! your braw plebisceet  
 The case of drunkards winna meet,  
 Drouth still its thrapple dry will weet,  
     Or else 'tis odd,  
 But try the only thing ta dae't—  
     The Grace o' God.

\* \* \*

### THE "GANE AWA'" LAND.\*

Oh! fair is the "Land o' the Gane awa',"  
 Fairer than eye o' the Earth-born saw  
 Till he's passed through the gates o' the living and  
     dead.

There is rest in the "Land o' the Gane awa',"  
 Nae storms beat there, nae cauld winds blaw,  
 But the tired han' rests and the thocht-rackit head,  
 And the ingathered flocks nae disturber dread,  
 For the wings o' our God are above them spread.

---

\* From the "Canadian Monthly," October, 1880.

There's fadin' nae mair wi' the "Gane awa',"  
 The bluims o' Eternity ever blaw  
 In the blissfu' God-keepit garden there;  
 Nor shadow nor cloud in the clear blue lift,  
 And heaven's saft breezes ken nae shift;  
 A rippleless calm is its sea evermair,  
 Nae billow of trouble nor toil nor care  
 Breaks on the shores of that Land so fair.

Oh! would I were there wi' the "Gane awa',"  
 For the shadows o' even begin to fa',  
 And the warld is lanesome as it can be,  
 When a' that I lo'ed frae me are awa',  
 The wife o' my heart and her bairnies twa—  
 In the "Gane awa' Land," them a' I'll see,  
 And blithe will oor meetin' an' greetin' be,  
 To live evermair whar' they never dee,  
 In our Father's Hame in Eternity."



## GAELIC ADDRESS TO LORD GLENCOE:

"FAILTE DO MHORAR GHLINN-CO."

(1)

Failt' a's urram ort, a Ghaidheal,  
 Thuile latha chi do shuil!  
 'S math thig tighearnas, measg na'm beann,  
 Dhuits' gach ceum a bhitheas tu siubhal!



(2)

Duin uasail caoinal, cardach thu!  
 Siogair, socrach, siobhailt' thu!  
 S' iomadh urnuigh air do shonsa  
 Riogas caithir na'n gras 'n diubh!

(3)

Dhuine! mar bha an Criosd's an-t-saoghal,  
 Deanamh maith' do dhaione gu'n tamh!  
 Dhuine, le cridh' cho farsuim, mor!  
 Dhuine, bhiodh deis ri fuasgal lamh!

(4)

Beannachd ort, Shir Dhomhnuil Gow!  
 Roinn a Bhanrigh mar bu choir—  
 Urram thabairt, fad thar cach,  
 Do Dhomhnuil, Morar Ard Ghlinn'-Co.

ALASDAIR RHUADH.

Monadh Rioghail,

Mios Meadhonach 'n Samhruidh, 1897.

\* \* \*

## ADDRESS TO LORD GLENCOE.

(Translated by Mr. MACINTYRE, Wishaw.)

(1)

Welcome and honour be thine, O Gael!  
 Each day that passes o'er thy head,  
 High chieftainship among the Bens  
 Befits you well, where'er you tread!

## (2)

High-bred, kind and loving thou!  
 Noble, calm and peaceful, too!  
 Many prayers ascend this day  
 To the Throne of Grace for you

## (3)

Thou man, like Christ upon this earth,  
 Doing good continually!  
 Thou man, with big and tender heart,  
 Thou man, whose hand gives liberally!

## (4)

Blessing on thee, Sir Donald Gow!  
 The Queen did right—who dares say no?—  
 In honouring above the rest,  
 The great Sir Donald, Lord Glencoe.

DH.



### MU'N EILEAN LEODHASACH.

[Written at the request of the Montreal Natives of the Lewis,  
 and to be sung by the whole of the guests at their annual  
 banquet in Montreal on the evening of 31st December,  
 1897.]

Air fonn "Mo Nighean Donn Bhoidheach."

## (1)

Mo ghradh an tìr a fhag sinn,  
 An eilean sgiamhach, aluinn,  
 Nì's grinn leam air a chuain,  
 'San dh'is a thug mi goal!

## CO-SHEIRM.

Se sin an Eilean Leodhasach,  
 Be sin an Eilean Bhoidheach,  
 Cha'n fhac mi, air an-t-soaghal so  
 Tir eil' tha cosmhal rith.

(2)

'S ann dhomhs' bu mhion bhi' ruaig  
 Bho Stornavaig gu Uig,  
 'S gu'n olainn slaint' 's an drudhag  
 Do eilean gradh mo chridh!

Co-sheirm, etc.

(3)

A'm Borvas tha na gruagich  
 Bha iomadh uair ga'm bhuaireadh!  
 Cha bhithinns', an duigh, cho stuaime  
 'Sann rachunn air an tòir.

Co-sheirm, etc.

(4)

A'n Lochs tha stòr do chairdean  
 Tha monaidhean corraich, àird ann,  
 As struthean, bho no beanntan,  
 Mor olunn geal na'n uain.

Co-sheirm, etc.

(5)

Tha carai'd ann Mealista,  
 'S na'n rachunn 'n-t-sin gu'n fhios d'a,  
 B'u eibhinn, ann an tiot', e  
 Bho'n rainig mis an Leodhas!

(6)

Bho Neis a thainig òganach  
 Tha fàs a nis n'a sheann duine,  
 Sin Tormaid Moradh sgrìohadair  
 Bheir urram mor do'n Leòdhas!

(7)

'S iomadh cèum a shùibhail sinn,  
 Bho dfhag sinn uil' an dùthaich sin,  
 Ach tha gach duine an dùil ri  
 Bhidh tilleadh, fhathast', do'n Leòdhas!

(8)

Na'n d'fhuair me seol'dair 's long aig',  
 Gu'n d-rachuinn fhein air bord orr',  
 'S bheirinn dha, mar ordugh  
 Bhidh tilleadh, fhathast', do'n Leòdhas!

(9)

Bidh duine no bean bhitheas càineadh,  
 An eilean lurach Leòdhasach,  
 Mar amadan a's òiseach,  
 Cho fad's a bhitheas iad beo!

\* \* \*

## WRECK OF THE TOREE PLANT.\*

(With apologies to Dr. Drummond.)

(1)

Wan day, de cruiser "Toree Plant"  
 Was sail away to sea,  
 For catch the good ship "Gouvernement,"  
 An' sink dat ship, *pardie!*

(2)

For Admiral Sir Laurier  
 To Captain Sifton speak:  
 "You tak' dat ship an', *vitement*, you  
 Wan Nor'-Wes' Passage seek."

(3)

De "Toree Plant," Sir Tuppair tak'  
 For fight de "Gouvernement,"  
 Wit' dese two officair' he t'ink,  
 He win *immEDIATEMENT*.

(4)

Firs' lean, long Fostair wit' de spec'  
 An' barbe dat nevair curl,  
 Den, dat big bluffeur, Bill Maclean,  
 Dat t'ink he own de worl'.

(5)

Dey steer Nor'-Wes' and Eas'-by-Sou',  
 An' Nor'-by-Sou' as well,  
 An' who de skipper on dat ship  
*Ma foi* no man can tell!

---

\* Plant: A dodge, a pre-concerted swindle.—(Slang Dictionary.)

(6)

Dey steer Nor'-Eas' an' Eas'-by-Sou',  
 But soon dey hang de lip,  
 Dey not can catch or hurt at all  
 Cap' Sifton or hees ship.

(7)

Den Tuppair swear, "*Par venire bleu!*"  
 "We mus' mak' shange I feel,  
 Jus' paint 'Lor' Rot'schile' on de ship,  
 Let Ham' Smit' tak' de wheel!"  
 . . . . .

(8)

But Ham' Smit' mak' dem soon for wish  
 Dey never not been born,  
 He steer de "Toree Plant" to wreck,  
 Upon de Cape Van Horne!

## MORAL.

(9)

Now hall you politician man  
 Tak' warning by this song,  
 Don' nevair cruise wit' Toree boat,  
 But wit' de "Gouvernement!"

(10)

An' don' when you are wrong refuse  
 To own up to de corn!  
 An' den you not will mak' wan wreck  
 Upon de Cape Van Horne!

(11)

An' don' pretend you are wan Jew,  
 Or Jews you travel wit'  
 An' nevair for your pilot tak'  
 A man whose name is Smit'.

## ABOUT THAT DUEL.

(1)

Prince Henri of Orleans went off  
 To Abyss-in-i-a,  
 And wrote a yarn, when he came back,  
 Of what he did and saw.

(2)

The bibelot he published, and  
 'Twas by the simple means  
 Of printers' "phat" disaster fell  
 On Henri of Orleans.

(3)

About King Humbert's soldiers, he  
 Had in his booklet stuck,  
 "On Menelik they got no 'pull,'  
 Because they got no pluck."

(4)

It was because of this remark,  
 He had his paper inked,  
 And people "read" the same that he  
 Got brought to book and "pinked."

(5)

The insult fell on Dago's breast,  
 With the proverbial "thud,"  
 And had to be wiped out in "gore"  
 By a scion of the "blood."

(6)

The Prince of Turin therefore wrote  
 A challenge, and said: "I  
 Will fight you—so turn no deaf ear  
 To this my bold 'defi.'

(7)

"We'll measure swords. Our seconds  
 Will then settle the place and date;  
 I cannot stomach, sir! from you,  
 That dose of 'Bourbon straight'"

(8)

And so they fought, and in the fight  
 The Princes two did join,  
 Turin had Henri "on the hip,"  
 And jabbed him in the groin!

## MORAL.

(9)

If you should think a man a cur,  
 Don't write it—only think—  
 Remember, shedding blood may come  
 Of shedding printers' ink.

(10)

And of your pen, a rapier thrust  
 Can readily dispose,  
 Or if you are not "pinked" you may  
 Get plugged upon the nose.



(11)

No Prince should in a book indite  
 A lot of nasty fibs;  
 Good literature is rarely writ  
 By any "Royal Nibs."

(12)

No Prince, in short, to write a book  
 Should ever, ever stoop,  
 Lest he, too, tackle a "Turin,"  
 And so get "in the soup."

\* \* \*

LE BONHOMME HABITANT,  
 AND  
 HIS OPINIONS ON MATTERS RELIGIOUS,  
 EDUCATIONAL, AND POLITICAL.

(1)

My nam' Napolion Bergeron,  
 I live on Sacre Côte,  
 Some tam' I work on wan beeg farm,  
 Some tam' on Allan boat.

(2)

An' now an' den some boys an' me  
 On Bytown,<sup>1</sup> we go hall  
 On hire our-sef for tree four mont'  
 To shanty on de fall.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Bytown*, former name of Ottawa.

(3)

I mak' god monee hall de year,  
 Beeg wage I halway draw,  
 An' nevair spen' no cent *pour boire*,  
 Nor buy de *whiskee blanc*.

(4)

I nevair loaf on no saloon  
 Lak' some boys do hall tam',  
 I tak' my monee home wit' me  
 An' geeve it to *ma femme*.

(5)

*Une bonne femme* Angelique, you bet,  
*Bonne femme aussi bonne mère*,  
 For two beeg enfant we was hown,  
 Grow strong jus' lak' deir père.

(6)

US,  
 An' for I tak' my monee home  
 De boys dey call me crank,  
 An' mak' some badinage dat Nap.  
 Have monee on de banque.

(7)

Mais non! dat monee it will spen'  
 It *vitement* slip away,  
 I ask *comment?* say Angelique,  
 Mos' go to de Curé

(8)

So n'importe dat I work *sapré*  
 Nor dat mooch wage I get,  
 It maks I pay beeg half of eet  
 To *Père Sansbarbe*, le prête.

(9)

I stop long tam' an t'ink bot dis,  
 It mak' me mad clean troo;  
 I say to me, "'*Salut gratuit*'  
 Come high, I t'ink, don' you?"

(10)

I halway pay de Gouvernements  
 On Bytown an' Kebec,  
 Oui, hall my tax an' beel I pay,  
 An' *quittance* get correc'.

(11)

Mais if *d'ailleurs*, to Père Sansbarbe  
 Mooch monee I mus' pay,  
 Den I will have jus' *rien de tout*  
 An' die wit' *pauvreté*.

(12)

De pries' he say to me: "Mon fils,  
*A l'enfer* you will go,  
 Eef you not pay me hall I ask!  
 Maybe you lak' *le chaud*?"

(13)

"Mais non," I cry, "no lak' *le chaud*,  
 I better stan' *le froid*,  
 All sam' lak' hall de man dat leeve  
 On *Canada en Bas*."

(14)

An' so de pries' get hall he wan'—  
 For me I no can keek,  
 It ees mos' *nécessaire*, bigarre!  
 To sheat dat t'ief ole Neek.

(15)

An' Angelique, she geev de pries'  
*Toutes choses*—oui, everyt'ing,  
 On Lent he eat mos' hall my hegg,  
 My sheeken on de Spring.

(16)

So I no monee have on banque,  
*C'est vrai*—no cent at hall;  
 But he is beeg an' stout an' riche  
 Lak' *Maire de Mo'real*.

(17)

But as I tole to you before,  
 To get on heaven come high,  
 Yet I no keek—w'en I go dere,  
 I will be satisfy!

(18)

Mais Père Sansbarbe no stop at dat—  
 Le Prête de Sacre Côte—  
 He tak' my monee hall de tam'  
 An' den he wan' my vote.

(19)

He tole me mont' of June las' year,  
 Before d'election day,  
 "Napolion! you for Tuppair vote,  
 And not for Laurier!"

(20)

For if you don', you will be dam',  
 An' so I tell you flat,"  
 Fi donc! he bluff: De day ees pas'  
*Pour poppicoque* lak' dat.

(21)

Dat vote was not belong of heem,  
 'Tees mine, mos' certainement,  
 I not get eet from pries' nor church  
 But from de Parliament.

(22)

I not lak' Tuppair or hees gang ;  
 You hold dem—den dey slip<sup>2</sup>—  
 Sir Wilfrid's hones' an', *en bref*,  
 He ees my kin' of *peup'*.

(23)

So I will vote, nex' 'lection day,  
 Precisement as I please,  
*Malgré l'evêque et l'archevêque*  
*Et Père Sansbarbe, de pries'.*

(24)

But Père Sansbarbe jamais content,  
 He say, my boys ees hees,  
 An' wan' to have dem hall de tam'  
 Be down upon deir knees.

(25)

An' say de prayer an' catechees,  
 An' creeds an' hall de res',  
 I don't t'ink me for leevin' mak'  
 Dose learning ees de bes'.

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<sup>2</sup> Ask Sir Mackenzie Bowell if they don't "Slip."

## (26)

Wan Yankee man he say, "W'y, Nap!  
 Your boys dey out of sight,  
 But dey mus' learn some more dose 'R's,'  
 To reckon, read, an' 'rite.

## (27)

"Mos' any gal you nevair see,  
 Dat go to early Mass,  
 Can say de t'ings de pries' he teach,  
 But—boys ees deeffren' class.

## (28)

"For dey mus' work for keep de home,  
 An' buy de cloes an' shoe,  
 An' get de *soup au pois* an' *pain*  
 An' boil de *pot au feu*!

## (29)

"Den tell de pries' for tend de church  
 An' no play monkee trique  
 By go for meddle wit' de school—  
 Dat small red school of brique!

## (30)

"De pries' have work, de school ma'am too,  
 An' dis I tole you, sir!  
 She leaves the church alone—den w'y  
 He onterfere wit' her?"

(31)

You bet dat Yankee hall correc'  
 I t'ink like heem de sam',  
 Religion good—but den, Mon Dieu!  
 We not pray hall de tam'.

(32)

It mak' dat we know somet'ing more  
 Dan jus' to count de bead,  
 De school de place for learn de t'ings  
 For beezness dat we need.

## L'ENVOY.

(33)

"Den, Père Sansbarbe, jus' tend your church,  
 An' not de school work, too;  
 I t'ink myself, to save de soul  
 Ees work enough for you!

(34)

"'You hown de church,' de *peup'* dey say,  
 To dem belong de school,  
 An' dat de statesmen, not de pries',  
 Dis Canada mus' rule!"

\* \* \*

## WHEN RAYMOND SWOOPED ON MONTREAL.

(With apologies to Mr. Gilbert Parker.)

### PREFACE.

I not tam' can read Angleesh me, wan Angleesh-man—good fellow him—work for my fadder on Bonsecours Market, drive horse and wagon for my fadder. He mak' me so I spik, aussi, read Angleesh, an' write him too, bon. I read un bonne fable—what you call wan goot story (Gilber Parker wrote him)—'bout de tam' "w'en Valmond come on Pontiac." I say to myself immediatement, I know wan story lak' dat jus' de sam'. Den I write it down lak' dees:

### CHAPTER I.

Dere was, il-y-a longtemps, a yong feller and he smart, oui, lak' wan rat-trap he: Hees nam' Raymond. He mak' himse'f to learn to be avocat, smart avocat. He mak' himse'f pile de l'argent in hees sack, for he smart, an' de wools can pull over de eyebrow of de peup' all de tam' an' dey t'ink he ees smart, comme le diable. Den he buy himse'f mooch house an' lan'—w'at you call immeubles—an' he grow riche an' beeg jus' lak' tree or two king, pardie. Den he say, "I de boss on Hochelaga," an' he begin for t'ink he wan Napoleon.

### CHAPTER II.

Bym-bye he come on Mo'real. He mak' that he ees wan' echevin de Mo'real bien. He work de ceety for all dat dere ees in sight—de townsite. He get w'at you call de grande "pull," for he tie de string to les autres echevins, an' w'en de string he jerk, dey



all joomp—all de sam' som' marionette. Den Raymond mak' de l'argent some more in hees "sack," an' t'ink himse'f "Napoleon" some more!

### CHAPTER III.

Soon he go for le petit parlement on Kebec. He put de string on dose "deputes" jus' sam' t'ing as dose "echevins" on Mo'real, an' he jerk de string an' mak' les deputes—mos' of all les deputes des comtes des vaches—to joomp lak' dose echevins. Command dem for two tree street on Mo'real enlarge; for cause dose streets not wide enough for him for walk t'roo dem—man so beeg an' large lak' him! Beside he have mooch immeuble on dat street an' he wan' de ceety for buy. Mais, de ceety no' wan' for buy. Tout la meme chose, les deputes dey tole de ceety: "You SHALL buy bigarre!" Dat ees w'at des deputes—des comtes des vaches say to Mo'real. An' M. Raymond say to himse'f: "Je suis vraiment Napoleon!"

### CHAPTER IV.

So he wan' dem mak' him maire de Mo'real, parceque he was deja Boss of Mo'real. I not tell more actuellement—le story I not can, w'at you call, fineesh—not before nex' mont', for cause it may dat Raymond not will get dere. Some fellers—a bas les traitres!—say dey will kill M. Raymond wit' volley of ballots, parceque dey wan have "clean Government" in Mo'real an' no more of de boodlage an' expropriations. Mais, moi qui parle, I will vote for Raymond, de Boss of Hochelaga, de Boss of Mo'real, le grande jqueur de violon!

**VIVE LE NAPOLEON DES EXPROPRIATIONS!**

Den Ray-  
sack," an'

bec. He  
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outes des  
echevins.  
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